THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For FEBRUARY, 1798.

CONTAINING

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RACING CALENDAR	

[Embellished with an elegant Engraving of a Harrier, named COLLYER, by Scott; and a beautiful Etching of THE PONEY, by Howit.]

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Readers will recollect, on account of making out the Contents of our Magazine in the Title Page, the *firſt* half-ſheet goes to the preſs *laſt*—hence, as before obſerved, a few ſtraggling articles, or thoſe received after the reſt are printed, find a place here; and this we offer as an apology for the ſeeming want of arrangement, which cannot be ſo well obſerved in a periodical publication of Miſcellaneous Articles, as a regular connected work.

The Windſor and Eton Fabricators, as well as the Peterborough Correſpondent, who lately ſent three letters by the ſame poſt, evidently for the *fun* of throwing the poſtage on our ſhoulders, ſhould know, that on the return of ſuch Letters to the General Poſt-Office, the poſtage thus wantonly created, is conſtantly allowed and paid back to the receivers of them.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For FEBRUARY, 1798.

ROYAL CHACE.

THE King's hunt has been so barren of events during the present month, that we shall only present our readers with the following:—

Saturday, the 9th of February, his Majesty, attended by the Earls of Sandwich and Westmorland, Lord Bulkeley, General Manners, and a number of noblemen, took the diversion of hunting; a favourite deer, named Harlequin, was turned out at the Dolphin, near Slough; the animal, which has often been hunted, as soon as he sets off, always makes for Swinley; he ran across the country, and swam over the Thames, near Windsor; the King and all the huntsmen came over Windsor-bridge, through the town, and it being market-day, a great number of people were collected together to see the sight; the deer ran with astonishing swiftness, by Clewer, St. Leonard's-hill, across Winkfield Plain, through Hatchet-lane, and Ascot Heath race-ground, when endeavouring to leap over into Swinley Paddock, one of his feet caught in the hollow of a tree, where he hung a short time; the hounds being close at his heels, he disengaged himself, and ran into a pond, where he was taken; Lady Lade joined in the chase for the first time since her late accident, and was in with the sportsmen; the hunt was an exceeding good one, the fineness of the morning contributing greatly to the sport.

REMARKABLE FOX CHACE IN CHESHIRE.

On Saturday, the 21st ult. Mr. Lech's fox-hounds found a fox at Edge-ruff, at nine o'clock; they run him a smart burst through Broxton-woods, over Larkton-hills to Egerton-hall, where he headed back by Hampton-post to Malpas Town-end, from thence to Overton-green, and back to Edge-ruff; the hounds then abating a little of their speed, run him back to Broxton, over Rawhead, and without a check through the great woods at Peckferton, to Parkgate; from thence he was run over a flat high-scenting country, to Huxley, and again headed and forced back by Tattenhall to Peckferton-hills, where, in trying the different earths, he ran a ring of three miles; the hounds then getting nearer to him, pressed him close by Harthill, Broxton, Edge-ruff, and to Overton-scar, where the earth-stopper, not expecting his return, had opened the earth, and let him in at twenty minutes past six o'clock in the evening. The distance, taken from Burdett's map of Cheshire, is fifty miles, but by gentlemen well acquainted with the country, the chace is computed at sixty-five miles. Much to the credit of the pack, every hound but one came to the kennel the same evening.

Monday, January 22, a fox, being hard preſſed by Lord Egremont's hounds, run up the roof of a cottage, near Petworth, and deſcended, by means of a chimney, into the kitchen, from whence he was taken alive, and reſerved for another day's ſport.

On Saturday afternoon, the 10th inſtant, a hare that had taken her ſeat in a garden at the back of Weſt-ſtreet, Brighton, being diſturbed, ſtarted, and ran through a paſſage into the above ſtreet, and continued her courſe along Boyces-lane and Middle-ſtreet, to the ſea, which ſhe daſhed into; but being obſerved by a fiſherman, he inſtantly launched a boat, and gave chace to her, and with greater exertions than he had ever before been ſeen to uſe in purſuit of the finny tribe; when poor puſs, being quite out of her element, had no chance of eſcaping the aquatic chace, and conſequently fell a prey to her eager purſuer, who, indeed, reſcued her alive from the waves, but ſoon after conſigned her to the ſpit, by ſelling her carcaſe for five ſhillings and a pot of beer.

Friday, January 26, a grand ball and ſupper was given at the George-Inn, Litchfield, by the gentlemen of Lord Vernon's hunt, to which the principal families in the neighbourhood were invited. The ſupper, which conſiſted of three hundred diſhes, and to which about two hundred and forty ladies and gentlemen ſat down, was ſerved up with great management, taſte, and ſtile; and when the company were ſeated, a more beautiful ſight than the *tout enſemble*, can hardly be conceived.

Sir Robert Lawley, Bart. and Sir Robert Williams, Bart. acted as ſtewards at this gala; and among other diſtinguiſhed perſons preſent, were the Marchioneſs of Donegal, the Earl of Uxbridge, Earl Talbot, Lord and Lady Paget, Lord Spencer Chicheſter, Lord and Lady Vernon, Lord and Lady Curzon, Lady Bagot and family, Lady Andover, the Honourable Mr. Pagets, Lady Lawley, Sir Nigel Greſley, Bart. Sir Edmund and Lady Hartopp, the reſpectable families of Ryder, Anſon, Clifford, Fitzherbet, Mundy, Inge, Swinſen, Sparrow, Adderley, Scott, Dyott, Sneyd, Boultbee, Grove, Floyer, Princep, Deſborough, Madan, Proby, Dilke, Croxall, Levett, Horton, &c. &c. the officers of the Royals, and ſeveral of the neighbouring clergy.

On Wedneſday, the 14th of February, Mr. J. Gilbert's horſe, Dare Devil, run from the Black Swan, Peterborough, to the Black Horſe, Sawtry, which is ten miles, and back again, in leſs than fifty-ſeven minutes, carrying eight ſtone five pounds and an half.

On the ſame day (the 14th), a youth of ſeventeen, for a conſiderable wager, ran from the fifty-eight mile ſtone, on the turnpike-road, to the fifty-third mile ſtone at Thatcham, and back to the fifty-ſixth ſtone at Newbury, full eight miles, within the hour; the weather was much againſt him.

On Thurſday, the 8th of February, was run for at Mansfield, a cup, given by Sitwell Sitwell, Eſq. for hunters, carrying twelve ſtone each; the beſt of three two-mile heats, which was won at two well-conteſted heats, by Mr. Dear's br. m. Phœnix, by Whirlwind, beat-

beating Mr. F. Sitwell's b. h. Mr. Hurt Sitwell's b. m. Mr. Butler's b. h. and Mr. Astley's ch. h.

We hear from Ireland, that a steeple-chace match is to be run, for five hundred guineas, early in the month of March, between six gentlemen of Mr. Beresford's troop of cavalry, and six others of the Attornies Horse. Each party, it is said, is to be accompanied by a captain from the corps to which they belong. Captain Shanley from the former, and Captain Dunn from the latter. The chace is to be six miles in a sporting country, which promises very great diversion, as in both troops are some able and experienced Nimrodians.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

The Swaffham Coursing Meeting, which begun on Monday, the 5th of February, was uncommonly well attended—the weather was remarkably fine, and the sport far exceeded any preceding meeting for some time. Westacre Field, as usual, afforded wonderful diversion, though the hares were weak in comparison with the Smee hares. The liberality of the owner of that wide domain, was never more conspicuous than on the present occasion — exerting himself to shew every diversion to the company, by ordering his faulcons to attend, and by shewing some good flights at partridges. The assembly at Swaffham, though not so numerously attended as the November meeting, was very brilliant; and for beauty and good dancing was never exceeded. The Smee was fully supplied with good hares. Ten capital matches were run the first day, and every match but one run off the second day, though the company met very late on account of the frost. In short, the brilliancy of the assembly, the fineness of the weather, the plenty of hares, and the uncommon good matches, joined with the conviviality and good humour of the company, contributed to make one of the pleasantest meetings we have seen for some years; and by the many matches already entered in the book for November meeting, we may venture to prognosticate that there will be many candidates for the Orford Cup.

THE MATCHES WERE AS FOLLOW:

Monday, February 5.—IGBOROW.

No matches run on account of frost.

Tuesday, February 6.—WESTACRE.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Cowslip, won, agst Mr. Crowe's Swift, one guinea.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Waxey, won, agst Mr. Forby's Zulima, one guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quail, agst Mr. Forby's Zeuxis, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zelia, agst Mr. Hamond's Quippe, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zara, won agst Mr. Hare's Revenge, one guinea.

Mr. Crowe's Sagina, won agst Mr. Forby's Zenobia, one guinea.

FORFEIT.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Comely, paid to Mr. Crowe's Swift, one guinea.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, February 7.—SMEE.

Mr. Forby's Zebra, won agſt. Mr. James's Romulus, one guinea.

Mr. Samuel Fludyer's Conqueror, won agſt. Mr. Daſhwood's Preſto, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zelinda, won agſt. Mr. Crowe's Skylight, one guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quaver, won agſt Mr. Forby's Zealot, one guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quidnunc, won agſt Mr. Forby's Zelander, one guinea.

Mr. Daſhwood's Ruby, won agſt Mr. James's Rockley, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zoilus, won agſt Mr. James's Rarely, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zephyr, won agſt Mr. Hamond's Queen, one guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quibble, agſt Mr. Crowe's Smallbone's, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Typen's (Sumpter) Tickle Pitcher, won agſt Mr. Crowe's Sweetheart, both race and turn, one guinea each.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Wagtail, agſt Mr. Daſhwood's Darling, one guinea, undecided.

Thurſday, February 8.—SECOND SMEE.

Mr. Crowe's Swift, won agſt Sir Samuel Fludyer's Comely, one guinea.

Mr. Crowe's Skylight, won agſt Sir Samuel Fludyer's Conqueror, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zobride, agſt Mr. Hare's Rarity, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zoilus, won agſt Mr. James's Royal, one guinea.

Mr. James's Rockley, won agſt Mr. Forby's Zigzag, one guinea.

Mr. Daſhwood's Rocket, agſt Mr. Crowe's Sailor, off.

Friday, February 9.—SECOND WESTACRE.

Mr. Hare's Rover, agſt. Mr. Forby's Zabida, one guinea, undecided.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Wagtail, agſt Mr. Forby's Zelinda, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Quince, agſt Mr. Forby's Zoilus, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Quail, won agſt Mr. Forby's Zelander, one guinea.

Mr. Crowe's Sailor, won agſt Mr. James's Ruler, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Ziba, won agſt Mr. James's Rarely, one guinea.

Mr. James's Raven, agſt Mr. Forby's Zilia, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zulima, won agſt Mr. Crowe's Swift, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zeuxis, won agſt Mr. Crowe's (Davy) Smoaker, one guinea.

Mr. Forby's Zelinda, agſt Sir Samuel Fludyer's Wagtail, one guinea, undecided.

Mr. Crowe's Sweetheart, won agſt Mr. Hamond's Quibble, one guinea.

Saturday, February 10.

No matches.

COURSING AT CARLISLE.

On February 6, two greyhounds (a dog and a bitch) belonging to James Courtall, Eſq. of Carliſle, courſed a hare on the Swift, near that city, which ſhewed moſt excellent ſport; there were preſent at

Howitt i. et f.

THE PONEY.

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at the death more than two hundred gentlemen. More betting took place than we ever remember on a ſimilar occaſion; at ſtarting it was even betting, the hare againſt the dogs. The hare had two hundred yards law given, when Funker (the dog), took her up by the ſide of the Eden, five miles; Julia (the bitch) then took her, and killed her at Clemmell, ſeven miles diſtant. The dog was apparently dead, and ten to one was laid the bitch did not recover; however, ſome medical gentlemen preſent, uſed every means in their power, and brought the bitch too. The hare weighed eight pounds eleven ounces, and had ſeveral times before been courſed by other dogs, but always left them very ſoon.

TRIAL CONCERNING TWO HORSES.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

GUILDHALL, LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

Before Lord Kenyon.

TITCHENOR *v.* SHORT.

THIS was an action to recover the value of two horſes. The plaintiff lives near Shooter's-hill, and keeps two horſes; theſe running at large upon Blackheath, had chanced to ſtray till they were ſtopped by the turnpike-men, and taken to the premiſes of Short, the defendant, who keeps a livery-ſtable on the London-road. After remaining there ſome time, the plaintiff heard where they were, and came to demand them; they were accordingly tendered him on the payment of half-a-guinea expences; but this the plaintiff did not chooſe to comply with, as he ſtated that the horſes had been very hard worked during the time they were in the cuſtody of the defendant. On the plaintiff's refuſal to comply with this demand, the men who originally ſtopped the horſes, took them to the Talbot Inn Green Yard, where they were kept the uſual time, advertiſed, and then ſold for four pounds.

To recover the further value of the horſes, the preſent ſuit was inſtituted.

On the examination of the witneſſes on both ſides, it turned out that the horſes were traced to the cuſtody of the defendant, who tendered them on the terms mentioned; that he offered to lend him a ſaddle and bridle to take them home; that the plaintiff mounted the horſe, ſeemingly ſatisfied; but that he ſhortly after diſmounted, and ſaid—"he might keep the horſes and be d—d, for he would pay nothing." In conſequence of which they were taken to the Green Yard, and, in due time, ſold.

The maſter of the Green Yard was called, who proved the receipt and ſale of the horſes; but that little, if any thing, remained out of the proceeds, as the keep of the horſes for the fourteen days preſcribed by law, together with the expence of advertiſements and ſale, had well nigh ſwallowed up the purchaſe-money. Plaintiff nonſuited.

THE PONEY.

An Etching by Mr. Howit.

IN giving this Etching of Mr. Howit's, we ſhall make no remark, as the ſubject ſpeaks for itſelf. But we cannot refrain from recommending to the notice of our readers, the propoſals offered by

by Howit in the present Magazine, which are for a set of prints on sporting subjects. These, we doubt not, will do credit to Mr. Howit's taste, and prove a pleasing collection to those who become his subscribers.

DARING ROBBERY.

READING, FEBRUARY 24, 1798.

TUESDAY last, John Williams and John Davis were committed to our county gaol, by the Rev. Henry Sawbridge, charged on oath with having on Saturday evening, the 17th inst. stopped the Honourable Captain Lindsay, and Captain Spotteswood, in a post-chaise, on the highway, in the parish of Kinsbury, and robbed the former of a gold watch and fifteen guineas, and the latter of a silk purse, containing about four pounds, two Bank of England notes of two pounds each, and one for one pound. An account of this robbery coming to the knowledge of Mr. Hancock, of the George and Pelican Inn, Speenhamland, he immediately dispatched messengers different ways, and getting information of the route the highwaymen had taken, they were pursued to an inn at Blackwater in Hampshire, where they were found in bed; on their rising the next morning, Williams surrendered peaceably, but Davis made a violent resistance, and in attempting to wrest a pistol from one of the party, it went off, and the balls passed through the lappet of his coat; in the confusion he ran out of the room, but mistaking the street door, he ran into the cellar, where he was secured. The watch and the greater part of the property stolen were found on them, and in their saddle-bags, a brace of pistols, and crapes.—Capt. Lindsay and Capt. Spotteswood were on their way to Bath, and they were within a mile of Hungerford, when Davis ordered the driver of the chaise to stop, and instantly thrust a pistol through the glass, and pointed it to Captain Spotteswood. Williams tapped at the window on the side next to Captain Lindsay, which being let down by him, a pistol was instantly placed close to his cheek, followed by a demand of his money. Six guineas were presented in consequence. "This will not do, sir (said the collector), you have more money; turn out your pockets;" which order being complied with, a further sum of nine guineas made their appearance, and were seized. The next demand on Captain Lindsay was for his watch, which was also complied with. "And now, sir, your pocket-book." "I have none, upon my word," replied Captain Lindsay. "I am satisfied, sir, with your declaration." The opponent of Captain Spotteswood, besides breaking the window, behaved with great insolence and ferocity to him; he received nine guineas, when the distant sound of a carriage prevented the surrender of a valuable gold time-piece and its appendages, and hastened their departure, with their already well-collected booty.

By a letter we have seen this day, from Mr. Bond, the Bow-street magistrate, we find that the real names of the above men are John Timms and William Emmery; Timms, who said his name was Williams, is a plasterer; and Emmery is a currier, and is also known by the name of *Leather-rags*: they are both young men, aged about twenty-nine each, and lived in the Borough of Southwark; they have been a long time known by the Bow-street officers to be notorious offenders.

THE

THE ART OF ANGLING.

THE GENERAL BAITS USED IN ANGLING, WHERE FOUND, AND HOW PRESERVED.

(Continued from page 188.*)*

THE reader being furnished with the best rules, relative to his rods, lines, hooks, &c. I shall give him a list of the baits in general of use in angling: but shall not enter into a minute detail of them as some authors on the same subject have done, but give him the general baits, and leave him to make his exceptions himself; which will prove more pleasant to him by his making the trial of different baits himself, and not puzzle him by overloading his memory; neither shall I set down the fishes they are best calculated for taking, which would only be a repetition of what he will find fully digested by actual experience, under the description of each fish.

The Lob-worm, Dew-worm, Garden-worm, Twatchel, or Treatchet,

Found in a garden or church-yard late in a summer's evening, with a lanthorn; when the summer proves a very dry one, they may be forced out of their holes, with the liquor produced, by bruising walnut-tree leaves in water; the best of these, are those which have a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, from which they derive the name of squirrel-tails.

Brandlings, Gilt-tails, and Red-worms,

Found in old dunghills, rotten earth, cows' dung, hogs' dung: but the best are those to be met with in tanner's bark after it is thrown by.

Marsh, or Meadow-worm,

Found in marshy ground, or the fertile banks of rivers, are a little bluish, require more scouring than the brandling or gilt-tail, and are taken from Candlemas until Michaelmas.

Tag-tail,

Found in marled lands, or meadows, after a shower of rain; or early in the morning in March or April, if the weather is mild and temperate; and is a most excellent bait.

How to scour and preserve worms.

Get a quantity of moss, the best is that which is soft and white, and grows on heaths; but as this is scarce to be had in some parts, in lieu of it any kind that is fresh and sweet; rinse it well from the earth that hangs about, and then wring it very dry; put your worms, and it, into an earthen pot, cover it close that they do not crawl away; and set it in a cool place in summer, and in winter in a warm one, which will prevent the frost from killing them; change the moss every fourth day, in summer, and once a week in winter, or at least let the old moss be taken from them; washed, squeezed pretty dry, and put it to them again. If you want them to be quickly scoured, a little bole armoniac put to them will accomplish your desire; or you may put them in water for three or four hours, and they will soon be scoured; yet be very weak, but being put to good moss, they will speedily recover. When the knot near the middle of the brandling begins to swell, he is sick; and for fear they should die, feed them with crumbs of bread, and with the yolk of an egg and sweet cream coagulated over the fire; never keep your worms in moss to scour them above ten days, in which time they will be perfectly fit for use.

There is another way of cleansing

ing and preserving worms, recommended by many anglers, and is a very good one for every kind of them except the lob worm: Take a piece of very coarse cloth, which has never been shrunk in the fulling-mill, wash it very clean, and let it dry: then soak it in the liquor, where a fat piece of fresh beef has been boiled, and wring it out, but not so hard, as to press out all the liquor; then lay it in a deep earthen pan, that has a large bottom, and put your worms thereon, that they may crawl in and out and so scour themselves: when they have remained there twenty-four hours, wash out your cloth as before; but do not dry it; then wet it again with some of the same liquor, and having placed your worms thereon, keep them in a close cellar: repeat this every other day during the heat of the summer, and you will not only preserve your worms alive for three weeks or a month, but make them very red, clear, and tough. When you take them out for angling, put them into moss that has been well washed and not wrung dry; and when you come home at night, put them again into the pan, by which they will recover and gather fresh strength: take care that there is no salt in the beef liquor; for if there is, your worms will purge themselves to death.

Mr. Gay, in his rural sports, is particularly partial to the gilt-tail, as appears by the extract in our poetical department.

Palmer-fly, Palmer-worm, Wool-bed, or Cankers,

Found on herbs, plants, and trees, where they are bred; if not a perfect caterpillar, yet undoubtedly a species thereof; they gain the name of wool-beds from their outward parts being woolly; these and the May-fly, are the foundation of *fly-angling.*

Bobs,

Found in sandy and mellow ground, and got by following the plough in autumn, are worms as big as two maggots, have red heads, and their bodies full of soft guts: put them in a tub with some of the mould that you gather them in, keep them in a warm place, and they are an excellent bait from the first of November till the middle of April: you may boil them the morning you intend angling in milk and water for two minutes, which will make them tough; and put them in a box where gum ivy has been rubbed.

Cow-turd bob, or Clap-bait,

Found under a cow-turd, from the beginning of May to Michaelmas; it is bigger than a gentle; but very like one; it is best kept in the same earth you find it in.

Flag-worms, or Dock-worms,

Found among flags; in old pits or ponds, in little husks among the strings or fibres of the roots, are small worms: pale, yellow or white as a gentle; these are very good baits.

Bark-worm, or Ash-grub,

Found under the bark of an oak, ash, elder or beech, especially when felled, and they have lain some time, or in the hollow of these trees when doated and rotten; it is to be used from Michaelmas to May, or June. It is very full and white, bent round from the tail to the head; and the parts resembling a young dor or humble bee.

Cod-bait, Cad-bait, Cadis-worm, or Case-worm, are thus differently called, and are of three sorts.

1st. Found under stones that lie loose and hollow in small brooks, shallow rivers, or very fine gravel, in case or husk, and when fit for use they are yellowish, are bigger than a gen-

a gentle, with a blackiſh head. Another ſort is found in pits, ponds, ditches, in ruſhes, water weeds, ſtraw, &c. called rough coats, or ſtraw worms. The next is a green ſort, found in pits, ponds, or ditches, in March, coming in before the yellow ones, which are not to be fiſhed with till April, and in July they go out of ſeaſon; the laſt ſort is to be uſed in the month of Auguſt. When you take them to fiſh with, carry them in woollen bags, for the air kills them.

Gentles, or Maggots, to breed and preſerve.

Take a piece of beaſt's liver, ſcotch it with a knife, and with a croſs ſtick, hang it in ſome corner over a pot or barrel half full of dry crumbled clay, and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel, and ſcour themſelves, and be always ready for uſe whenever you are inclined to fiſh; and theſe gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you deſire to keep gentles all the year, then get a dead cat or kite, and let it be fly-blown, and when the gentles begin to be alive and to ſtir, then bury it and them, in moiſt ſoft earth, but as free from froſt as you can; and theſe you may dig up at any time when you want to uſe them; theſe will laſt to March, and about that time turn into flies.

Gentles are not only the moſt univerſal, but alſo the moſt alluring bait: and an angler ſhould never go out a fiſhing without taking ſome with him. Trouts have been taken with them, when they have refuſed all kinds of worms and artificial flies: to every kind of fiſh they are an acceptable bait (pikes and ſalmons excepted), but I do not doubt they would be ſo to them, were it poſſible to fix them on a hook large enough to hold the above-mentioned fiſhes.

How to find and preſerve Caterpillars, Oak-worms, Cabbage-worms, Colewort-worm, or Grub, Crab-tree-worm, or Jack, and Graſshoppers.

Found by beating the branches of an oak, crab-tree, or hawthorn, that grow over a public path, or highway; or upon cabbages, coleworts, &c. Graſshoppers are found in ſhort ſun-burnt graſs, the latter end of June, all July, and Auguſt. To preſerve theſe baits, cut a round bough of fine green barked withy, about the thickneſs of half one's arm, and taking off the bark about a foot in length, turn both ends together, into the form of an hoop, and faſten them with a needle and thread; then ſtop up the bottom with a bung cork: into this put your baits, and tie a colewort leaf over it, and, with a red-hot iron, bore the bark full of holes, and lay it in the graſs every night; in this manner your cads may be kept till they turn to flies; to your graſshoppers put graſs.

Paſtes

Are variouſly compounded, according to the angler's fancy; but there ſhould always be a little cotton, wool, fine lint, or flax, to keep the parts together, that they waſh not off the hook. The following compoſitions make very good paſtes:—

The blood of ſheeps hearts, mixed with honey and flour, and worked to a proper conſiſtency: old cheeſe grated, a little butter ſufficient to work it, and coloured with ſaffron. In winter, fat ruſty bacon inſtead of butter. Crumbs of bread worked with honey, and moiſtened with gum-ivy water. The inſide of a French roll, or crumbs of bread, worked well with clean hands with water alone. What fiſhes each of theſe paſtes are proper for, the reader will find under the deſcription of each fiſh, therefore I ſhall only

make the following obſervations concerning paſtes, which may be of uſe to young anglers, becauſe founded on experience; note, that in September, and all the winter months, when you angle for chubs, carps, and breams, with paſte, let the bait be as large as a hazel-nut; but for roach and dace, the bigneſs of a pea is ſufficient; chooſe a ſtill place, uſe a quill float, a ſmall hook, and ſtrike at the firſt biting of the fiſh.

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURE.

FIRST REPORT FOR JANUARY.

THE mild ſtate of the weather in the latter part of the preſent month, has been highly favourable for the purpoſes of the practical farmer, and much buſineſs has conſequently been done, eſpecially in the more northern parts of the iſland. In places where the nature of the ſoils would admit, ſome farmers have began to fallow the turnip grounds for the next crop, and others are ploughing the grounds from which the turnips have lately been eaten off, as a preparation for barley. The fields in general look green, and winter corn has, for the moſt part, a promiſing appearance, but this is not by any means the moſt dangerous month for them.

GRAIN.—The markets for all ſorts of grain, are on the whole rather dull, but more particularly ſo for oats, beans, and peaſe.

The average price of wheat, throughout England and Wales, was, on the 20th of January, 51s. 5d. and barley, 28s. 10d.

MEAT.—Butcher's meat continues to hold its price, or perhaps is rather on the riſe. Beef, on the laſt market-day, fetched from 3s. to 4s. 2d. and mutton from 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.

HOPS.—Theſe are alſo getting higher.

The prices of Kentiſh hops vary between 70s. and 105s. for bags, and 80s. to 120s. for pockets.

SECOND REPORT FOR JANUARY.

The wheat markets have not fluctuated ſo much in prices of late, owing to the ſlackneſs of importations from the Baltic, and leſs abundant ſupplies of our own growth: the crop of laſt year is found to be conſiderably exhauſted.

The growing plants are much improved in moſt diſtricts, and carry a good ſpring colour.

Bean, and pea ſowing, has been much impeded on the heavy lands, by the rains; but on tender ſoils it is far advanced; dibbling them in, is become a ſyſtem almoſt univerſal, where any pretenſions is made to good huſbandry.

The barley ſeed time, from the continuation of wet weather, is more backward than uſual: it is now pretty generally commenced throughout Norfolk and Suffolk; but hitherto the lands have not worked kindly for the ſeed. In the Weſt, where the fall of rains has been ſtill heavier, they have no proſpect of getting in their Lent corn for ſome time. The fen countries are in a ſimilar predicament, from the ſame cauſe. The proſpect of early ſeed of moſt kinds is generally good; the young clovers have ſtood the winter better than has been remembered for ſome years paſt.

Hay continues at reaſonable prices.

Clover-ſeed is expected to turn out, on the average, a fair crop, except the Dutch white, which is not likely to riſe well.

Smith-

Smithfield has received throughout the month large ſupplies of Mutton, Beef, and Pork, but principally of the inferior kinds, which have been reaſonable in proportion.

Houſe Lamb has alſo been cheap; but prime Veal has proved ſcarce, and commanded a good price.

Lean Stock of moſt kinds has been held up, from the plenty of feed in every quarter; but little is done in the ſheep line, from the hazard of the rot, which ſtill prevails through moſt of the flocks in many diſtricts.

The fall of early lambs from the Dorſet breed has been a large one.

Hogs and pigs are reduced ſtill further in value.

The wool trade remains in the ſame languid ſtate, almoſt without a nominal price of value, except in the coarſer ſorts.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(Continued from page 206.)

ON January, 14, 1788, a pitched battle was fought, for ten guineas a ſide, between William Love, the noted bruiſer, and Dennis Kelcher, an Iriſhman. The combat laſted three quarters of an hour, in the courſe of which, the ſpectators (upwards of 10,000) were highly gratified and ſurpriſed at the dexterity of Kelcher. Love, in point of ſtrength and ſize, excelled his antagoniſt by far, but neither could avail; he was obliged to yield the laurel. Savage ſeconded Love; Kelcher was ſeconded by his brother, who, a ſhort time before, had beat ſavage.

A ſecond battle afterwards took place between one Daw and Jones, which was won by the latter.

January 22, a battle was ſought for five guineas a ſide, in the Long Fields, Bloomſbury, between Love and Ring, commonly called Bath Ring, which, after a hard conteſt, of thirty-ſeven minutes, was won by Love.

February 13, was fought at Derby, one of the ſtouteſt battles that was ever known there, between Blunt and Godfrey, two champions, who had given the public repeated proofs of their athletic abilities. The match was made for the ſum of two hundred guineas, by the gentlemen of Derby and Leiceſter. After various revolutions in the odds, Blunt bore away the laurel of victory.

March 6, a very hard battle, for fifty guineas, was fought on Wimbledon Common, between Savage and Dunn, which, after a contention of upwards of an hour, ended in favour of Dunn.

March 10, a ſevere battle was fought on Hounſlow-heath, between one Newton, a huſbandman of Hounſlow, and Golder, bricklayer of Brentford. Newton was a man rather advanced in years for a boxer, but of conſiderable ſtrength, weight, and length of arm. Golder appeared of much inferior bulk, but more active, and as to age, in his prime. They ſet to in a ring, a quarter paſt four, and the conteſt laſted, with various expectations, till after five. Golder ſhifted, and broke ground, with much dexterity, and, in the end, obliged his adverſary to give in, though he ſeemed to be a much better man. No boxer could ſhew more bottom than Newton; both his eyes were cloſed up, and his face one continued wound, before he yielded. Johnſon and Ward were the two ſeconds, and they acknowledged, as well as all the amateurs preſent, that they had never ſeen a fight more obſtinately conteſted. There were more than twenty

twenty rounds, and ſcarce any thing but *hard boxing*, with very few falls.

April 17, a pitched battle was fought on the turf at Blackheath, between Eliſha Crabbe, a Jew, and Stephen Oliver, alias Death. In the courſe of the fight, Death was obſerved to have the advantage in fair boxing, and Crabbe in cloſing, when he generally contrived to fling his adverſary to fall uppermoſt, and ſometimes to fall on his head. Crabbe did not appear conſiderably hurt, though he had received ſeveral ſmart blows; but Death was much wounded in the face, and had a large gaſh above his right eyebrow, which, by diſcharging its blood in his eye, conſiderable obſtructed his ſight, and ſomewhat influenced the fate of the battle; for, after a conteſt of about thirty-five minutes, he received a knock-down blow, which made him confeſs the Jew the victor.

A bye-battle was afterwards fought, between Doyle and a ſawyer of Deptford, which continued about twenty minutes, and terminated by the ſawyer giving Doyle a hearty drubbing.

Among the ſpectators, there were many of the firſt amateurs of the art, the Prince of Wales, Major Hanger, &c. and not a ſmall number of celebrated boxers, as Johnſon, Fewterel, Humphries, Mendoza, &c.

May 31, Golder, of Brentford, and Fry, of Kingſton, fought a pitched battle at Richmond-green, for fifty guineas, which was won by Golder.

June 9, three pitched battles of great expectation, were fought at Croydon: the firſt for fifty guineas a ſide, between Jackſon and Fewterel, a Birmingham man, who had ever proved victorious before, having won no leſs than eighteen battles. This battle laſted an hour and ſeven minutes, and the cauſe of its laſting ſo long was, that Fewterel at every round fell, whether ſtruck or not, and when down, kept ſo long on the ground, that Captain Hamilton and Mr. Smith, the two umpires, were frequently obliged to put the ſeconds in mind of time. From Fewterel's great bulk, indeed, it was doubted before the battle, whether Jackſon would be able to knock him down; but this he never failed to do whenever he could get at him, in order to make good his blows, which were ſo well put in, that Fewterel gave up the conteſt; which being terminated, Major Hanger, by the command of the Prince of Wales, who was preſent, made Jackſon a preſent of a bank note. Johnſon acted as ſecond to Jackſon, and Ward to Fewterel; Humphries and Dunn as bottle-holders.

The ſecond battle was between Watſon, a Briſtol man, and Crabbe, who beat Death. This battle, which was much the beſt, laſted about three quarters of an hour. Watſon, in the conflict, ſhewed himſelf much the beſt boxer, diſplayed moſt amazing activity, and, in the end, proved victorious. Ward was ſecond to Watſon, and Ryan to Crabbe.

The third battle was between a butcher, and a watch-movement maker, in which the butcher beat the latter, till he had no movement left in him.

July 1, Jones and Tyne met near Croydon, to decide a boxing match for fifty pounds. The firſt ſeconded by Joe Ward, the ſecond by Johnſon. The advantage of ſcience was evidently on the part of Tyne, but his great ſuperiority conſiſted in the old ſhy mode of ſhifting and dropping. Jones ſtood up manfully, and made ſome dex-

terous

terous efforts, which were frustrated by the elusive system of his adversary, who always fell as soon as he received or put in a blow. Though in point of beating, Jones had infinitely the worst of the battle, he had the best prospect of the ultimate advantage, from his superior strength and greater bottom; but having followed up a blow rather too far, and struck Tyne unfairly, somewhere about the waistband of his breeches, he was declared to have lost the battle.

August 6, the stand on the race-ground at Brighton, was covered with the nobility, gentry, &c. to see three pitched battles on a stage erected for that purpose. The first took place between Watson and Jones. They both fought with great spirit for eighteen minutes, and aimed most of the blows at the head. Jones finding himself too weak for any hopes of success, yielded to Watson. The second battle was between Joe Ward and Reynolds. Ward was evidently the strongest, and fought manfully; but Reynolds shifted, shewed but little sport, and on the first fair blow on the face gave it up. The third battle was between Tyne and Earl. Earl was the taller man, and seemed to be winning fast, when a blow from Tyne on the side of the head, drove him against the rail of the stage, and he died instantly. The Prince of Wales, who was present, settled an annuity upon the wife and family of Earl, and declared he never would be present at another boxing match.

December 31, the following matches were decided at Knavestock, in Essex. A stage of twenty-five feet square was erected in the front of a public-house, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the distance from town, a considerable crowd of spectators assembled to witness the contention. The stage was mounted at one o'clock. The combatants were, the famous Will Ward, of Bristol, seconded by Joe Ward; and William Wood, coachman to Captain Robinson, seconded by Johnson. Having made the usual salutation, the conflict began, and though from the beginning to the end, it snowed with uncommon violence, the ardour of the combatants could not be chilled, nor even the curiosity of the spectators be damped. The snow, however, had its effect on the battle, for the boards were rendered so slippery, that the pugilists could not keep their feet, and each in his turn, both in giving and receiving blows, was often brought to the ground. For the first twenty minutes, the battle was well sustained on both sides. Ward fought in his usual stile, with great agility, much shifting, and ingenious art; while Wood, whose first essay this was, against one of the most experienced in the practice, shewed an infinite deal of courage and prowess, but he acted with too much impetuosity. He by this means exposed himself to the more deliberate skill of his adversary, and he had both his eyes closed up. He continued the fight for five minutes after his right eye was closed, and did not yield until rendered totally blind. This battle lasted about half an hour.

The second battle was between Big Ben (Bryan) and one Corbally, an Irish chairman, for fifty guineas, which was soon won by Bryan. Jackson was second to Bryan, and Dunn, to Corbally.

A third battle of an inferior cast, took place between James, a waterman, and one Smith, both young in the gymnastic art: they were supported by the same seconds. After a conflict of about a quarter of an hour, Smith, in falling, broke his arm, which accident put a hasty period to the battle.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HORSE, FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 186*).*

THE Levant horses, like those of Persia and Arabia, have very hard hoofs: they are shoed, however, but with shoes extremely light and thin. In Turkey, Persia, and Arabia, the same manner of feeding and dressing horses is observed. Their litter is made of their own dung, which is first dried in the sun, to remove the disagreeable smell, and then reduced to a powder. Of this a bed is laid in the stable or tent, about four or five inches thick. This litter lasts very long; for, after been soiled, it is dried a second time in the sun, which clears it entirely from its offensive odour.

In Turkey, there are Arabian, Tartarian, and Hungarian horses, beside the native horses of that country, which last are exceedingly handsome*, swift, and spirited; but they are delicate, and soon fatigued. They eat little, are easily heated, and their skin is so sensible, that they are unable to bear the friction of a comb; instead of which, they are brushed, and washed with water. These horses, though beautiful, are inferior to the Arabians, and even to those of Persia; the latter, next to the Arabians†, being the handsomest and best horses of the East. The pasture in the plains of Media, of Persepolis, of Ardebil, and of Derbent, is extremely fine; and a prodigious quantity of horses, most of which are beautiful and excellent, are raised there by order of government. Pietro della Valle‖ prefers the common horses of Persia to the finest Neapolitan horses. They are generally of a middling stature†; and some of them are very small, but strong and active‡; while others exceed the size of the English saddle-horses‖. They have light heads and fine necks. Their ears are handsome and well situated. They have slender legs, fine cruppers, and hard hoofs. They are docile, spirited, bold, and capable of enduring great fatigue. They are extremely swift, and never stumble. They are robust, and so easily nourished, that their only food is barley mixed with cut straw; and they are grazed during six weeks of the spring only. Their tails are allowed to grow long; and they are never gelded. Coverings are used to defend them from the injuries of the weather. Peculiar care and attention are bestowed upon them; and they are managed by a simple bridle, without employing the spur. Great numbers of them are transported to Turkey and the Indies. Those travellers, who bestow so much praise upon the Persian horses, allow, however, that the Arabians are superior in agility, courage, strength, and beauty; and that they are more valued, even in Persia, than the horses of that country.

The horses which are bred in the Indies are very indifferent.§. Those used by the great men of the country are brought from Persia and Arabia. They are fed with hay during the day; and, at night, in place of barley and oats, they get pease boiled with sugar and butter. This nourishing diet supports them, and

* Le Voyage de M. Dumont, tom. iii. p. 253.

† Les Voyages de Thevenot, tom. ii. p. 220; de Chardin, tom. ii. p. 25, d'Adam Olearius, tom. i. p. 560.

‖ Les Voyages de Pietro della Valle, tom. v. p. 284.

† Voyages de Tavernier, tom. ii. p. 19.

‡ Les Voyages de Thevenot, tom. ii. p. 220.

‖ Les Voyages de Chardin, tom. ii. p. 25.

§ Le Voyage de la Boullaye-le-Gouz, p. 256, et Recueil des Voyages qui ont servi à l'Etablissement de la Compagnie des Indes, tom. iv. p. 424.

and gives them some degree of strength; without it, they would soon perish, the climate not being adapted to their constitution. The native horses of India are very small. Some of them are so exceedingly diminutive, that Tavernier informs us, the young prince of Mogul, aged about seven or eight years, generally rode on a handsome little creature, whose stature exceeded not that of a large greyhound*. Very warm climates, it would appear, are destructive to horses. Those of the Gold Coast, or Juida, of Guiney, &c. are likewise extremely bad. They carry their head and neck very low. Their movements are so feeble and tottering, that one is apt to imagine they are always ready to fall. If not continually beat, they would not stir a limb; and the greatest part of them are so short, that the feet of the rider almost touch the ground†. They are, besides, very untractable, and fit only to be eaten by the negroes, who are equally fond of horses flesh as that of dogs‡. This appetite for horses flesh is common to the negroes and Arabians, and discovers itself in Tartary, and even in China||. The Chinese horses are as bad as those of India, being feeble, sluggish, ill made, and very small§: Those of Corea exceed not three feet in height¶. Almost all the horses of China are gelded; and they are so timid, that they cannot be used in war. It may, indeed, be affirmed, that the Tartarian horses made the conquest of China. The horses of Tartary are very proper for the purposes of war. Though not of the largest size, they are strong, vigorous, bold, fiery, and extremely swift. Their hoofs are hard, but too narrow; their heads are light, but too small; their necks are long and stiff; and their limbs are too long. Notwithstanding these faults, they may be regarded as good horses; for they are indefatigable, and run with amazing rapidity. The Tartars, like the Arabians, live with their horses. At the age of seven or eight months, they are mounted by children, who walk and gallop them by turns. In this manner they are gradually trained; and they are accustomed to suffer long abstinence. But they are not mounted for hunting or travelling, till they arrive at six or seven years of age, when they are obliged to undergo the most incredible fatigues*; as walking two or three days without stopping; receiving, for four or five days together, only a handful of herbage every eight hours; and, at the same time, they are kept from drinking for 24 hours, &c. These horses, which are so robust in their own country, become feeble and useless when transported to China, or the Indies; but they thrive very well in Persia and Turkey. In Little Tartary, there is a race of small horses, of which the natives are so fond, that they never permit these horses to be sold to strangers. They possess all the good and bad qualities peculiar to the horses of Great Tartary; which shows, that the influence of the same manners and education create, in these animals, the same dispositions and temperament.

* Les Voyages de Tavernier, tom iii. p. 334.

† Hist. Generale des Voyages, tom. iii. p. 228.

‡ Idem, tom. iv. p. 353.

|| Le Voyage de M. le Gentil, tom. ii. p. 24.

§ Les Anciennes Relations des Indes, & de la Chine, traduites de l'Arabe, p. 204, L'Hist. Gen. des Voyages, tom. vi. p. 492, 535. L'Histoire de la Conquête de la Chine, par Palafox, p. 426.

¶ Nine hands.

* Palafox, p. 427. Le Recueil des Voyages du Nord. tom. iii. p. 156. Tavernier, tom. i. p. 472. L'Hist. Gen. des Voyages, tom. vi. p. 603, et tom. vii. p. 214.

In Circassia and Mingrelia, there are many horses still handsomer than those of Tartary. Fine horses are also to be found in the Ukraine, in Walachia, in Poland, and in Sweden. But we have no particular information concerning their excellencies or defects.

If we consult the ancients as to the qualities of horses in different countries, we shall find* that the Greek horses, and especially those of Thessaly and Epirus, were in high estimation, and were excellent for the purposes of war; that those of Achaia were the largest then known: that the handsomest came from Egypt, where they were very numerous, and where Solomon sent to purchase them at a very high price; that, in Ethiopia, on account of the great heat of the climate, the horses did not thrive; that Arabia and Africa furnished the handsomest, lightest, and best horses, either for travelling, or for the course; that those of Italy, and particularly of Apulia, were likewise very good; that Sicily, Cappadocia, Syria, Armenia, Media, and Persia, produced excellent horses, which were remarkable for lightness and fleetness; that those of Sardinia and Corsica were small, but bold and vivacious; that the horses of Spain resembled those of Parthia, and excelled in war; that, in Transylvania and Walachia, there were swift horses, with light heads, long manes which hang down to the ground, and bushy tails; that the Danish horses were handsome, and fine leapers; that those of Scandinavia were small, but well-formed, and very agile; that the horses of Flanders were remarkable for strength; that the Galls furnished the Romans with good horses for the purposes of riding and carrying burthens; that the German horses were ill-formed, and so vicious, that no use was made of them; that the horses of Switzerland were numerous, and useful in war; that those of Hungary were also very good; and, lastly, that the Indian horses were small, and very feeble.

From all these facts, it is apparent, that the Arabian horses have always been, and still are, the best horses of the world, both for beauty and goodness; that from them, either directly, or by the mediation of the Barbs, are derived the finest horses in Europe, in Africa, and in Asia; that Arabia is, perhaps, not only the original climate of horses, but the best suited to their constitution: since, instead of crossing the breed by foreign horses, the natives anxiously preserve the purity of their own race; that, at least, if Arabia be not the best climate for horses, the Arabs have produced the same effect, by the scrupulous and perpetual attention they have paid towards ennobling the race, and never permitting individuals to mix which were not the most handsome, and of the finest quality; and that, by the same attention, continued for ages, they have improved the species far beyond what Nature would have performed in the most favourable climate. It may still farther be concluded, that climates rather warm than cold, and, above all, dry countries, are best adapted to the nature of horses; that, in general, the small are better than the large horses; that care is equally necessary to them as food; that, by familiarity and caresses we procure more advantage from them than by force and chastisement; that the horses of warm countries have their bones, hoofs, and muscles, more firm and compact than those of our climates; that, though heat is more conformable to the nature of these animals than cold, yet excessive heat is exceedingly hurtful to them; that excessive cold is not less injurious; and, in fine, that

* Aldrovand. Hist. Nat. de Soliped. p. 48, &c.

that their conſtitution and diſpoſitions depend almoſt entirely upon climate, food, care, and education.

The practice of gelding horſes, ſo generally diffuſed over Europe and China, is unknown in Perſia, Arabia, and many other parts of the eaſt. This operation greatly diminiſhes their ſtrength, courage, ſprightlineſs, &c. but it endows them with gentleneſs, tranquility, and docility. In performing it, the animal is thrown on his back, by means of ropes fixed to his legs; the ſcrotum is opened with a ſharp knife; and the teſtes, with their veſſels, and the ligaments which ſupport them, are removed. The wound is then cloſed up, and the patient is bathed twice a day with cool water. His food, during this period, conſiſts of bran drenched in water, with a view to cool him. The operation ſhould be performed in ſpring or autumn, much heat or much cold being equally dangerous. With regard to the age at which it ſhould be executed, the practice differs in different places. In certain provinces of France, horſes are gelded at the age of a year or eighteen months, or as ſoon as the teſtes are very apparent without the body. But the moſt general and moſt rational cuſtom is to delay the operation till the age of two or three years; becauſe when protracted thus long, the animal retains more of the qualities peculiar to the male ſex. Pliny ſays, that if a horſe be gelded before he loſes his milk-teeth, they never ſhed. But I know, from repeated obſervation, that this remark is falſe. The ancients, it is probable, were led into this error, by an analogy drawn from the ſtag, roe-buck, &c. for the horns of theſe animals never fall off after caſtration. Geldings loſe the power of impregnating; but there are many examples of their being ſtill able to copulate.

Horſes of all colours, like moſt animals covered with hair, moult or caſt their hair every year, commonly in the ſpring, and ſometimes in the autumn. As they are then weaker than at any other period, they require more care, and ſhould be more plentifully fed. Some horſes likewiſe caſt their hoofs, eſpecially in moiſt and marſhy countries, as in Holland*.

Mares and geldings neigh leſs frequently than perfect horſes. Their voices are alſo neither ſo full nor ſo deep. In horſes of every kind, five different ſpecies of neighing, expreſſive of different paſſions, may be diſtinguiſhed. In the neigh proceeding from joy, the voice is long protracted, and begins and terminates with ſharp ſounds: the horſe at the ſame time flings, but without any inclination to ſtrike. In the neigh of deſire, whether from love or friendſhip, the horſe does not fling, the voice is long continued, and finiſhes with graver ſounds. The neigh of anger, during which the animal flings and ſtrikes with fury, is very ſhort and ſharp. The neigh of fear, during which he alſo flings, is not longer than that of anger; the voice is grave and hoarſe, and ſeems as if it proceeded entirely from the noſtrils: this neigh reſembles the roaring of a lion. The noiſe expreſſive of pain is not ſo much a neigh, as a groan or ſnorting uttered with a grave voice, and following the alternate motions of reſpiration. It has likewiſe been remarked, that horſes which neigh moſt frequently from motives of joy or deſire, are the beſt and moſt generous. The voice of unmutilated horſes is ſtronger than that of geldings or mares The female

* If this aſſertion be true, the caſting of the hoofs muſt proceed from ſome morbid cauſe; for no horſes caſt their hoofs, unleſs when diſeaſed.

voice, even from the moment of birth, is weaker than that of the male. At two years, or two and a half, which is the age of puberty, the voice, both of males and females, as in man and other animals, becomes ſtronger and more grave.

When the horſe is fired with love, he ſhows his teeth, and has the appearance of laughing. He likewiſe ſhows them when angry, and inclined to bite. He ſometimes thruſts out his tongue to lick, but leſs frequently than the ox, though the latter is leſs ſenſible of careſſes. The horſe remembers injuries much longer than the ox, and is alſo more eaſily diſpirited. His natural diſpoſition, which is bold and impetuous, makes him exert his whole force at once; and, when he perceives that ſtill more is requiſite, he grows indignant, and obſtinately refuſes to act. But the ox, who is naturally ſlow and ſlothful, ſeldom employs his whole ſtrength, and is not ſo eaſily diſheartened.

The horſe ſleeps much leſs than man. When in good health, he never lies above two or three hours at a time. He then riſes to eat. After being much fatigued, and after filling his belly, he lies down a ſecond time. But, upon the whole, he ſleeps not above three or four hours in the twenty-four. There are alſo ſome horſes which never lie down, but ſleep ſtanding; and even thoſe which are accuſtomed to lie down, ſometimes ſleep on their feet. It has been remarked, that geldings ſleep oftener and longer than perfect horſes.

All quadrupeds drink not in the ſame manner, though all are under an equal neceſſity of exploring with the head that liquor which they have no other method of apprehending, except the monkey, and ſome other animals that have hands, and can drink like man, when a proper veſſel is preſented to them; for they carry it to their mouth, pour out the liquor, and ſwallow it by the ſimple movement of deglutition. This is the ordinary way in which man drinks, becauſe it is the moſt commodious. But he can vary his method by drinking, by contracting the lips, and ſucking the fluid, or rather by ſinking both mouth and noſe into it, and then performing the motions neceſſary to ſwallowing. He can even ſeize a fluid by the ſimple motion of his lips; or, laſtly, he can ſtretch out and expand his tongue, make a kind of little cup of it, and in this manner, though with ſome difficulty, ſatisfy his thirſt. Moſt quadrupeds might alſo drink in different ways: but, like man, they follow that which is moſt convenient. The dog, whoſe mouth opens wide, and whoſe tongue is long and ſlender, drinks by lapping, or licking, with his tongue, which he forms into a kind of cup or ſcoop, fills at each time, and thus carries a ſufficient quantity of fluid into his mouth. This method he prefers to that of dipping his noſe into the water. The horſe, on the contrary, whoſe mouth is too ſmall, and whoſe tongue is too thick and too ſhort for forming a ſcoop, and who, beſides, drinks with more avidity than he eats, briſkly ſinks his mouth and noſe deep into the water, which he ſwallows plentifully by the ſimple motion of deglutition*. But this obliges him to drink without drawing his breath; while the dog reſpires at his noſe during the time he is drinking. After running, when the reſpiration is ſhort and laborious, horſes ſhould be allowed to

* This is not always the caſe; for many horſes touch only the ſurface of the water with their lips, and ſuck it gently in; and even thoſe which dip their noſes deeper, never ſink the noſtrils under the water, but breathe freely through them when drinking.

to drink at leisure, and to breathe as often as they incline. Neither should they be permitted to drink water that is too cold; for, independent of the cholics frequently occasioned by very cold water, it often cools their nose to such a degree, as brings on rheums, and perhaps lays the foundation of the disease called glanders, the most obstinate of all maladies to which this noble animal is subject. It has lately been discovered, that this disease is seated in the pituitary membrane*, and that it is a genuine rheum, which in time produces an inflammation in that membrane. Besides, those travellers who give a detail of the diseases of horses in warm countries, alledge not that the glanders is equally frequent in Arabia, Persia, and Barbary, as in cold climates. Hence I am led to conjecture, that this malady is owing to the superior coldness of the water; because these animals are obliged to keep their noses in the water a considerable time, which might be prevented by never allowing them to drink very cold water, and by always drying their nostrils after drinking. Asses, which dread cold more than horses, and resemble them so greatly in their internal structure, are not equally subject to the glanders, which is owing, perhaps, to their drinking in a different manner from the horse; for, instead of sinking the nose into the water, they barely touch it with their lips.

I shall mention no more of the diseases of horses. It would extend Natural History beyond all bounds, if, to the history of each animal, we were to join that of its diseases. However, I cannot finish the history of the horse, without regretting that the health of this useful and valuable animal should be still abandoned to the blind care, and often absurd and cruel practice of a set of men who have neither understanding nor letters. Of the art, called by the ancients Medicina Veterinaria, we now hardly know more than the name. If any physician would turn his views to this subject, and make it a principal object of his enquiry, I am convinced that he would be amply rewarded for his trouble; and that he would not only acquire a fortune, but obtain the highest reputation. This species of the medical art would by no means be conjectural, or so difficult as the other. The manners, the food, the influence of sentiment, and all the other causes of disorders, being less complicated in these animals than in man, their diseases must also be more simple, and, of course, more easily investigated and treated with success. To these advantages may be added the perfect liberty of making experiments, of trying new remedies, and of arriving, without fear or reproach, to a most extensive knowledge of this kind, from which, by analogy, deductions might be drawn of the greatest utility to the art of curing men.

(To be continued.)

* M. de la Fosse, farrier to the King, first demonstrated this fact; and he has attempted to cure horses by the trepan.

DESCRIPTION OF A SPANISH INN.

THE following picture of a Spanish Inn, is so faithfully, humorously, and accurately drawn, that we cannot withhold it from our readers:

"In the road from Loarca to Lumbreras," says Bourgoanne, "I saw the inns of Spain in all their nakedness and poverty. A Posada, or Spanish Inn, merits a particular description. The first room

room in the house is often a great stable full of asses and mules, through which you must make your way, if you wish for, and obtain a lodging. It is with considerable difficulty you get to the kitchen, which is a round, or square room, the ceiling of which terminates in a point, and is open at the top to leave a free passage for the smoak; round this great chimney is a broad stone bench, which at night serves the family for a bed; but, in the day-time offers a commodious seat to travellers, coachmen, and muleteers, who, seated without distinction, with the host and hostess, deprive the air of part of the smoak by swallowing it. The fire, which is in the center of this wretched hovel, is often made with cow-dung mixed with straw, and serves to cook for each person in turn, such provisions as he may have taken care to bring with him. The whole inventory of the kitchen utensils, consists in several great frying-pans, and every thing you eat is fryed in rancid oil. This indeed is not spared, and abundance is joined to badness of quality to take away the appetite. The corner of the fire-place is generally occupied by some news-monger, wrapped up to his eyes in the cape of his cloak, or some blind musician, singing through his nose, and strumming his guitar; and the children of his hostess, both boys and girls, whose only cloathing is a short shirt or shift, though of an age to be more modestly and decently covered. When you have warmed and refreshed yourself, and wish to retire, you are conducted to a damp corner, called a chamber, and furnished with two chairs, usually very high, if the table be low, and very low if the table be high, because every thing here is contrary to all reason or proportion. A mattrass, a foot shorter than it ought to be, is thrown upon the ground; the sheets are not much larger than napkins, and the counterpane, if by chance you find one, hardly covers the sides of the wretched pallet. On this bed of voluptuousness, is the traveller reposed after the fatigues of the road, to wait the agreeable dreams, or form new objects of peregrination. The worst inns are those which are kept by the Giatanos, or Gypsies; you would be safer in a wood; your eye must be kept upon every thing, and notwithstanding all the precaution you can take, you seldom leave them with all your baggage. All the inns belong to the lords of the soil, who erect them into farms, and will not suffer too many of them; so that the farmer is under the necessity of fleecing passengers, to make up the enormous rent he is obliged to pay. Besides, by a law for which no reason can be now given, every innkeeper is prohibited from keeping and selling eatables. If bread, meat, wine, or oil be wanted, the traveller and inn-keeper are obliged to have recourse to the person who has the exclusive privilege of selling them. At Lumbreras, I found the spacious chimney surrounded with muleteers, and on the fire an enormous frying-pan, in which rice, saffron, long-pepper, and stock-fish, were boiling up together. I was conducted to a chamber, open to every wind that blows, in which, as the weather was cold, some lighted coals were thrown, without ceremony, upon the floor, and by the side of these, a kind of mattrass without sheets or covering. My gypsey host, after wishing me a good night, asked me for something to drink.

THE GAME OF CUCKOO.

THIS game may be played by any number of persons from five or six to twenty.

When

When there are many players, they make use of a whole pack of fifty-two cards; otherwise, they play with a picquet pack, observing the ace is the lowest card.

As the deal is very advantageous, they cut for it, after having each one taken eight or ten marks, which they estimate as they please: the dealer, after they have been cut by his left-hand man, gives to each player one card, without turning it, who, looking at it, says, if it is a good card, *I am content*; or if it is an ace or low card, says to his right hand neighbour, *content me*, and he is obliged to change cards with him, unless he has a king, and then he says Cuckoo; and he that asked to be contented, is obliged to keep his card. The rest of the players go on to content each other in the same manner, that is, to change their cards with their neighbours on their right and left, once, till it comes round to him that dealt, who, if he wants to be contented, must take off the top card from the stock, provided it is not a king. In short, it is the general rule, that, when a player thinks it advantageous for his game, he can oblige his right-hand neighbour to change with him, unless he has a king.

After the tour is thus made, each one shows down his card on the table, and he or they that have the lowest card, pay each a counter to the game, which is put into a box that is placed in the middle of the table for that purpose. It may so happen that four players pay at the same time, and it is always the lowest card that is in the game that pays.

The ace pays always when there is one in the game, if not, the two; or if there is no two, the three; and so of the rest.

The advantage of dealing is, that the dealer has three cards, out of which he chooses that he thinks best; so that it is rare the dealer pays. Each player deals in his turn, and when any of them has lost all his counters, he retires from play, there being no more hope for him; and he who has counters left when all the rest have none, wins the party, though he should have but a single counter; and he, consequently, takes up all that has been staked on the game.

COURSING MEETINGS IN THE COUNTY OF HERTS.

MUNDEN HALL.

1. MR. Cawston's black bitch *Gipsey*, beat Mr. Sewell's red and white bitch *Fly*.

2. Mr. J. Bygrave's black and white bitch *Dash*, beat Mr. Key's brindle bitch *Fly*.

3. Mr. Cawston's black dog *Sampson*, beat Mr. Aldridge's white dog *Hector*.

4. Mr. J. Bygrave's blue bitch *Diana*, beat Mr. Smith's red bitch *Miss*.

5. Mr. Alston's black and white dog *Chints*, beat Mr. Smith's red dog *Matchem*.

6. Mr. J. Rush's black dog *Pelops*, beat Mr. Stotherd's brindle bitch *Nimble*.

7. Mr. Key's brindle bitch *Fly*, beat Mr. Alston's white bitch *Fly*.

8. Mr. Sewell's red and white bitch *Fly*, beat Mr. Bawtree's black and white bitch *Fly*.

9. Mr. Bawtree's black and white bitch *Fly*, beat Mr. Sewell's red and white bitch *Fly*.

10. Mr. Cawston's black bitch *Gipsey*, beat Mr. Alston's dun dog *Spring*.

*11. Mr. Wyatt's black and white

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* In one instance seven succeeding ones before judgment was pronounced, the bitch being at heat, and consequently much out of condition, it was at length decided in favour of the dog.

white dog *Smoaker*, beat Mr. Hughes's blue bitch *Catch.*

12. Mr. J. Smith's red dog *Matchem*, beat Mr. Rufh's black bitch *Slut.*

13. Mr. Bawtree's black and white bitch *Fly*, beat Mr. Digby's black and white dog *Ketch.*

To enumerate the feveral matches would be fuperfluous, fuffice it to fay, the fport was moft excellent; the hares ran in a capital ftile, and the dogs were generally well matched; fo much fo, that two or three courfes, without a decifion, frequently took place.

So good a day may certainly be equalled, but cannot well be exceeded. The company afterwards dined together at Maldon, and the evening was fpent with the utmoft conviviality. Mr. Cawfton in the chair.

To the Editor *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

SHOULD you not have received a more full and better account of the courfing day, which took place at Great Waltham, Effex, on Tuefday, the 30th of January, and which, by no means, ought to go unnoticed, the following is much at your fervice, from

FLY.

Tuefday being the annual courfing day at Great Waltham, and the morning proving very fine, drew a great number of the lovers of that diverfion to the field. I muft beg leave to mention here, that this day's fport is annually allowed by William Turnell, Efq. with the gratuity of half a buck, which is cooked at the Six Bells publichoufe in the village; the company being fo numerous, indeed, more fo than was expected, and the number that would dine fo uncertain, it was propofed and complied with, few only excepted, that two fhillings and fixpence fhould be collected of each horfeman, for the amufement of thofe prefent at the Six Bells, "when plenty crowned the board," and which, amounting to above five pounds, afforded no little diverfion. I mention this as a *good* precedent.

About ten o'clock, the firft brace of dogs were releafed, and, in a few minutes, a hare ftarted, which afforded a very decent and pleafing courfe; a third dog having broke loofe from the perfon who was leading it, and pufs finding herfelf much preffed on every fide, took refuge in a hollow tree, and by that means eluded her purfuers. It is fomewhat remarkable, that a fimilar circumftance took place with refpect to the firft hare courfed at the meeting laft year, which ran into a drain.

After this, upwards of twenty brace of hares were ftarted, many of which afforded fevere and excellent courfes: it was very evident throughout the day, that the hares had the advantage of the dogs, for although there were fome the beft this country affords, yet only two brace of hares were killed, out of the great number that were courfed. The dogs were, in general, well matched; but as there were no regular perfons appointed to decide upon their merits, we forbear mentioning the favourites.

Few hares were found fitting, owing to the number of perfons prefent, about forty horfemen, and near as many on foot, who, *elated* with the *good fport*, made too much *noife*. Every fportfman will acknowledge, that, confidering the number, as few blunders were made

made as could be expected, and had some persons who had been *baulming*, done their work *neater*, not more than *one* would have happened.

A good dinner was provided at the before-mentioned house, after which several songs were sung, many loyal toasts and sentiments given, and the evening concluded with the utmost harmony and good humour.

BRADWELL AND TILLINGHAM CLUB.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1798.

On Wednesday, the 7th of January, the following matches were run on Tillingham Marshes, which afforded excellent sport, viz.

1. Mr. Piggott's black bitch *Myrtle*, beat Mr. L. Wright's brindle bitch *Nettle*.
2. Mr. John Wright's black dog *Slope*, beat Mr. Dudley's dun bitch *Trull*.
3. Mr. B. Dudley's dun dog *Montus*, beat Mr. P. L. Wright's black dog *Smut*.
4. Mr. Spurgin's red dog *Smoaker*, beat Mr. Alston's black and white dog *Chink*.
5. Mr. B. Dudley's dun dog *Snap*, beat Mr. Codd's dog *Flecker*.
6. Mr. Tuffnell's bitch *Sweep*, beat Mr. Isaac's dog *Dart*.
7. Mr. Hanbury's bitch *Mouse*, beat Mr. Tweed's dog *Snake*.
8. Mr. B. Dudley's bitch *Truly*, beat Mr. J. Rush's black dog *Pelops*.
9. Mr. Pattison's bitch *Mouse*, beat Mr. Wilkinson's bitch *Nimble*.
10. Mr. Tuffnell's bitch *Sweep*, beat Mr. Ch. Hanbury's bitch *Mouse*.
11. Mr. Wilkinson's bitch *Pink*, beat Mr. Piggott's bitch *Rainbow*.
12. Mr. B. Dudley's black dog *Friday*, beat Mr. P. L. Wright's bitch *Nettle*.
13. Mr. Isaac's dog *Dart*, beat Mr. Tuffnell's bitch *Sweep*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

See an account of this Drama in our Magazine for December last, page 147.

FIRST EXTRACT, PART OF THE SECOND ACT.

OSMOND—*enter* ANGELA.

Osm. [*in a softened voice.*] Come hither, Angela. Wherefore so sad? That downcast eye, that listless air, neither suit your age or fortune. Raised from obscurity to rank and splendour, can this change call no smile upon your cheek? Where-e'er you turn, respect and adoration wait you; a thousand servants move obedient to your nod. The treasures of India are lavished to adorn your person, yet still do I see you, forgetting what you are, look back with regret to what you were!

Ang. Oh! my good lord, esteem me not ungrateful! I acknowledge your bounties, but they have not made me happy. I still linger in thought near those scenes where I passed the blessed period of infancy; I still thirst for those simple pleasures which habit has made to me most dear. The birds which my own hands reared, and the flowers which my own hands planted, the banks on which I rested when fatigued, the wild tangled wood which supplied me with strawberries, and the village church where I prayed to be virtuous, while

while I yet knew of vice and virtue but the name, all have acquired rights to my memory and my love!

Osm. What! these costly dresses, these scenes of pomp and greatness——

Ang. Dazzle my eyes, but leave my heart unsatisfied. What I would meet with is affection, not respect; I had rather be obliged than obeyed; and all these glittering gems are far less dear to me, than one flower of a wreath which Edwy's hands have woven.

Osm. Confusion!

Ang. While I saw you, Cheviot Hills, I was happy, oh! how happy! While I listened to your artless accents, friends of my childhood, how swelled my fond heart with gratitude and pleasure! At morn when I left my bed, light were my spirits, and gay as the zephyrs of summer; and when at night my head again pressed my pillow, I whispered to myself, "Happy has been to-day, and to-morrow will be as happy!" Then sweet was my sleep, and my dreams were of those whom I loved dearest.

Osm. Romantic enthusiast!—— These thoughts did well for the village maid, but disgrace the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray: Let them be changed for others, better suited to your birth, to the fortune which awaits you. Hear me, Angela! an English baron loves you, a nobleman, than whom our island boasts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is destined, 'tis on him that your heart must be bestowed.

Ang. I cannot dispose of that which has long been another's.— My heart is Edwy's.

Osm. Edwy's? A peasant's?

Ang. For the obscurity of his birth chance must be blamed; the merit of his virtues belong wholly to himself.

Osm. By Heaven! you seem to think that poverty is a virtue!

Ang. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: and when in spight of nature's injustice, and the frowns of a prejudiced and illiberal world, I see some low-born, but illustrious spirit, prove itself superior to the station which it fills, I hail it with pleasure, with admiration, with respect! Such a spirit I found in Edwy, and, finding, loved!

Osm. My blood boils with passion!

Ang. You say, that by these sentiments I disgrace my rank: I say, that to break my given word would disgrace it more. Edwy has my plighted faith: he received it on the last evening which passed in Northumberland, as we sat on a low bench before old Allan's cottage. It was an heavenly night, sweet and tranquil as the loves of angels: a gentle breeze whispered among the honeysuckles which bloomed above us, and the full moon tinged with her silver light the distant towers of Alnwic. It was then that for the first time I gave him my hand, and I swore that I never would give it but to him! It was then that for the first time he pressed his lips to mine, and I swore that my lips should never be pressed by another!

SECOND EXTRACT.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE CASTLE HALL.

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Here's rudeness! Here's ill breeding! On my conscience, this house grows worse and worse every day!

Enter

Enter MOTLEY.

Motl. What can he have done with himself? Perhaps weary of waiting for me in the armoury, he has found his way alone to Angela. How now, dame Alice, what has happened to you? You look angry.

Alice. By my troth, fool, I've little reason to look pleased. To be frightened out of my wits by night, and thumped and bumped about by day, is not likely to put one in the best humour.

Motl. Poor soul! And who has been thumping and bumping you?

Alice. Who has? You should rather ask who has not. — Why only hear — As I was just now going along the narrow passage which leads to the armoury—singing to myself, and thinking of nothing, I met Lady Angela flying away as if for dear life!—So I dropp'd her a curtsey—but might as well have spared my pains. Without minding me any more than if I had been a dog or a cat—she pushed me on one side; and before I could recover my balance, somebody else, who came bouncing by me, gave me t'other thump—and there I lay sprawling upon the floor. However, I tumbled with all possible decency, and took great care that my petticoats should cover my legs.

Motl. Somebody else! What somebody else?

Alice. I know not — but he seemed to be in armour.

Motl. In armour! Pray, Alice, looked he like a ghost?

Alice. What he looked like, I cannot say; but I'm sure he didn't feel like one; however, you've not heard the worst. While I was sprawling upon the ground, my Lord comes tearing along the passage. The first thing he did was to stumble against me—away went his heels—over he came—and in the twinkling of an eye there lay his lordship!—As soon as he got up again—Mercy! how he stormed!—He snatched me up—called me an ugly old witch—shook the breath out of my body—then clapped me on the ground again, and bounced away after the other two!

Motl. My mind misgives me!—But what can this mean, Alice?

Alice. The meaning I neither know, or care about;—but this I know—I'll stay no longer in an house where I'm treated so disrespectfully. "My lady!"—says I—"out of my way!"—says she, and pushes me on one side.—"My lord,"—says I—"You be damn'd!"—says he, and pushes me on t'other!—I protest I never was so ill used, even when I was a young woman! [*Exit.*

THIRD EXTRACT.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Enter OSMOND, ANGELA, *and* ALICE.

Osm. [*entering.*] You have heard my will, lady. Till your hand is mine, you quit not this chamber.

Ang. If then it must be so, welcome my eternal prison! — Yet eternal it shall not be!—My hero, my guardian angel is at liberty! Soon shall his horn make these hateful towers tremble, and your fetters be exchanged for the arms of Percy!

Osm. Beware, beware, Angela!—Dare not before me——

Ang. Before you! before the world!—Is my attachment a disgrace? No! 'tis my pride; for its object is deserving. Long ere I knew him, Percy's fame was dear to me. While I still believed him the peasant Edwy, often, in his hearing, have I dwelt upon Northum-

thumberland's praise, and chid him that he spoke of our Lord so coldly! Ah! little did I think that the man then seated beside me was he whom I envied for his power of doing good, whom I loved for exerting that power so largely!—Judge then, Earl Osmond, on my arrival here, how strongly I must have felt the contrast! What peasant names you his benefactor? What beggar has been comforted by your bounty? what sick man preserved by your care?—Your breast is unmoved by woe, your ear is deaf to complaint, your doors are barred against the poor and wretched. Not so are the gates of Alnwic Castle; they are open as their owner's heart.

Alice. My hair stands on end to hear her!

Osm. Insulting girl!—This to my face?

Ang. Nay, never bend your brows!—Shall I tremble, because you frown? Shall my eye sink, because anger flashes from your's?—No! that would ill become the bride of Northumberland.

Osm. Amazement!—Can this be the gentle, timid Angela?

Ang. Wonder you that the worm should turn when you trample it so cruelly?—Oh! wonder no more: Ere he was torn from me, I clasped Percy to my breast, and my heart caught a spark of that fire which flames in his unceasingly!

Alice. Caught fire, Lady!—Bless me, I hope you didn't burn yourself?

Osm. Silence, old crone!—I have heard you calmly, Angela; now then hear me. Twelve hours shall be allowed you to reflect upon your situation: till that period is elapsed, this chamber shall be your prison, and Alice, on whose fidelity I can depend, your sole attendant. This term expired, should you still reject my hand, force shall obtain for me what love denies. Speak not; I will hear nothing!—I swear that to-morrow sees you mine, or undone! and skies rain curses on me if I keep not my oath!—Mark that, proud girl! mark it, and tremble!

[*Exit.*

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I AM very happy (knowing that you are desirous of having all possible information, that you think will amuse your readers), in having it in my Power to furnish you with an article for your Magazine. A person of the name of Stevens, going jack-haltering last summer, in a small stream near Chalvey, saw a jack of about six pounds asleep at the top of the water, which he endeavoured to take, but in jerking the pole, the wire broke, and the pike got away. The same man going there about a week afterwards, saw something shine in the weeds, and soon recognized his old friend the pike, with the wire still about him, and by the help of a stronger halter brought him to land. Elated with his success, he returned home, and agreed to take it to his mother at Datchet, as a present, and going on the Windsor side, crossing the ferry, and telling his story to the waterman, he asked to see it; upon which he, putting his hand in to take it out (thinking it to be dead) the pike bit him severely, and he snatching his hand out very hastily, drew the fish out, which stuck to him, flung it some yards from the punt, and the fish totally escaped.

N. B. This is a wonderful proof of the ferocity of this fish.

Your's,

E. E. R.

Windsor, Feb. 4.

FURTHER

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF HUNTING.

(Continued from page 193.)

FALCONRY was ſcarcely known to the ancients; Julius Firmicus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Conſtance, is the firſt who makes mention of it. Demetrius of Conſtantinople, and Albert le Grand, who have written on the ſubject, employ but few terms of art, becauſe this diverſion was then little known.

The French, who are the moſt ſkilful falconers in Europe, have introduced a great number of terms in this art, which, however, has been much neglected ſince the introduction of fire-arms in the ſports of the field.

Plato calls the chace a divine amuſement, and a ſchool for the military virtues.

One day as Marſhal Turenne, and General Wrangel, confiding in the treaties of Munſter and Oſnaburg, were taking the diverſion of hunting, they were ſurpriſed to find that the dragoons fled, whom they had poſted at the entrance of the foreſt, crying out at the ſame time, that all was loſt. It ſeems, that John de Wert, the famous Imperial partizan, had that inſtant made his appearance with his flying camp. He had paſſed the Danube at Munich, and being perfectly acquainted with the country, was advancing to the foreſt by the only avenue that led to it. The two French generals in this emergency, did not loſe their preſence of mind; they were near a moraſs which they had only to croſs to be in ſafety. But where were they to find a ford? There was reaſon to fear, that while they were looking for one, the active John de Wert, in purſuit of his prey, would not fail to attack them. A ſtag pointed out their ford; they ſaw him wind his way through the middle of the moraſs; they followed him without heſitation as a guide, and happily arrived on the other ſide.

Frothaire, Biſhop of Toul, finding his dioceſe ravaged by wolves, which devoured men, ordered a faſt of three days with ſolemn proceſſions. He then made war upon the wolves at the head of a party of hunters, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he boaſted of having killed two hundred of them himſelf.

In the year 226, Coil, a Corniſh Duke, and his retinue, was devoured by wolves.

There was formerly ſuch a number of wolves in France, that a kind of tax was obliged to be raiſed for the hunting of them. Charles V. 1377, exempted from this tax, the inhabitants of Fontenay, near the wood of Vincennes.

Francis I. was obliged to eſtabliſh certain officers in every province, called wolf-hunters *(louvetiers)*; and over theſe he appointed a chief, under the title of *le Grand Louvetier de France*; the Grand Wolf-hunter of France.

An edict of Henry III. in 1583, enjoined all the officers of the waters and foreſts, to ſelect, thrice a year, one man out of every family, in each pariſh of their reſpective departments, with weapons and dogs, to hunt the wolves. By theſe wiſe precautions, they have been almoſt exterminated in France; as they have abſolutely been in England, through the excellent policy of King Edgar, who impoſed a tribute of wolves heads upon the Sovereigns of Wales.

——— Wiſe, potent, gracious Prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks;
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,

And

And all the rav'nous race is extinct, is lost.
In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
The social troops; and from their large increase,
With curling fleeces, whiten'd all the plains.
SOMERVILLE.

Nevertheless, in the commencement of the reign of Lewis XIV. in the depth of winter, and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked near Pontharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jurat, by a multitude of wolves: the dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them, but at last, overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription, to commemorate it, which is still to be seen.

This descent of the wolves from the Alps and Appenines, when "roused by wintry famine," is finely described by Thomson in his Winter, lines 389 to 423.

The celebrated Saunderson, professor of mathematics at Cambridge, although destitute of sight, continued to hunt to a very advanced period of life; his horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant, and his satisfaction was extreme when he heard the noise of the hounds and huntsmen.

Carloman, king of France, son of Lewis le Begue (the stammerer) pursuing a wild boar in the forest of Iveline, near Montford, was wounded by one of his guards, and died seven days after. He had the magnanimity to declare, he had been wounded by the wild boar, that he might save the innocent author of his death.

In the year 978, Edward the Second, going a hunting, and being near the castle of Queen Elfreda, his mother-in-law, he separated from his company, and went to pay her and her son a visit; but the treacherous Queen, to advance her child, caused one of her servants to stab him in the back, while he was drinking on horseback at her gate, whereupon turning his horse, he fled the farther treachery, but fainting through loss of blood, and falling in the next wood, expired.

William the Conqueror, had such a passion for hunting, that he depopulated the country in Hampshire, for an extent of thirty miles, driving away inhabitants, destroying the villages, houses, and plantations, and stocking it with deer. To this desolated spot, he gave the name which it still bears, the New Forest. This extensive desolation is described by Pope in his Windsor Forest.

——————————— In ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and severe than they, &c.

So severe and so *savage* indeed were the forest laws introduced by the Conqueror, that the death of a beast was a capital offence, as well as the death of a man; and among other punishments for offences against these laws, were castration, loss of eyes, and cutting off the hands and feet, which continued in force, until repealed by that brave and magnanimous Prince, Richard Cœur de Lion.

1100, the morrow after Lammas Day, William Rufus, being hunting in New Forest, Sir Walter Tyrrel, a French knight, shooting at a stag, the arrow glanced against a tree, and flying aslant, struck the king in the breast, of which he immediately died.

1477, Edward the Fourth hunting in the park of Thomas Burdet, Esq. in Warwickshire, killed a store of deer; and, among the rest, a white buck was killed, which Burdet hearing of, he wished the horns in his belly, that counselled the king

king to kill it; for which words he was beheaded at Tyburn.

The Emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Savoy, and all Italy, having formed a confederacy against Charles, Duke of Mantua, Lewis XIII. of France, determined to assist that prince in person. In passing through Chalons-sur-Sonne, the Duke of Lorrain went to visit him, knowing his extreme passion for the chace, and offered him a numerous and excellent pack of hounds. The king, however, declined the present, with this noble answer: "Cousin, I never hunt but when my affairs permit me; my occupations are of a more serious kind, and I mean to convince all Europe, that the interest of allies are dear to me. When I have effectually assisted the Duke of Mantua, I will resume my amusements till some other ally has occasion for my assistance."

It being observed to the Duke de Longueville, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates, were continually hunting on them, and that he ought not to suffer it, "I had much rather," answered he, "have friends than hares."

The grandfather of the constable de Lesdiguierres, having had a difference concerning their respective rights in hunting, with the Bishop of Goa, his neighbour, a haughty and irascible prelate, some mutual friends undertook to reconcile them, and engaged them to have an interview at the castle of Lair. When they met, the Bishop made use of such insulting language, that M. de Lesdiguieres, unable to bear it, threw him out of the window. As the window, however, was not very high, the prelate escaped with only some bruises. The Pope, and the whole order of ecclesiastics interfering in the quarrel, M. de Lesdiguierres was obliged to quit France, and was stripped of all his effects. The services he rendered his country during his exile, procured him the liberty of returning, although not for a long time after: but his effects were never restored, and his family were so much impoverished by this circumstance, that his grandson, the constable, when he first entered into the army, had not above 700 livres (30l. 12s. 6d.) a year.

Charles VI. hunting in the forest of Senlis, took a large stag, which had a collar of gilt leather, with this inscription: *Hoc me Cæsar donavit.*" The king, from this circumstance, took two flying stags as the supporters of the arms of France. A hind was found some time after with this motto: "*Noli me tangere quia me Cæsaris sum.*"

De Thou, the excellent historian of France, relates, that the Marshal Baumanoir, hunting one day in a forest of the province of Maine, his attendants brought to him a man, whom they had found sleeping in a thicket. On his forehead were two horns, formed and fixed like those of a ram; he had a long, red, and woolly beard, such as the satyrs are represented to have in the fictions of the poets. Being thus deprived of liberty, and carried about from fair to fair, he took it so much to heart, that he died at Paris about three months after.

We have mentioned the severity of the ancient forest-laws, in breaking of them Judge Blackstone has these words: "From a simple principle to which, though the forest laws are now mitigated, and by degrees grown entirely obsolete, yet from this root has sprung a bastard slip, known by the name of the game-laws, now arrived to, and wantoning in its highest vigour; both founded on the same unreasonable notions of permanent pro-

property in wild creatures, and productive of the same tyranny to the commons, but with this difference, that the forest-laws established only one mighty hunter throughout the land, the game-laws have raised a little Nimrod in every manor.

MILITARY COURT-MARTIAL.

THE sentence of the general-court-martial, held at Canterbury, on the 11th of January, was published in the general orders, by Sir Charles Grey, at Barham Court, a few days since, which adjudged James Hogg, a serjeant in the Hants regiment of light-dragoons, for having deserted with his horse and appointments, to be reduced to the rank and station of a private soldier, and receive 800 lashes; and John Blackman, a private dragoon in the same regiment, for having deserted under the sentence of a regimental court-martial, to receive 400 lashes.

His Majesty approved of the sentences; but considering the conduct of the prisoners previous to their desertion, was pleased to direct, that when James Hogg shall have sustained as many lashes as may be thought fit to inflict at once, not exceeding 300, it shall be announced to him, that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to remit the remainder of his punishment: and that John Blackman, having already suffered a part of his former sentence, his Majesty extends his royal compassion to him, and orders that he receive, in the whole, 200 lashes only.

The prisoners were sent to their regiment, for the sentences to be carried into execution, at such time and place as the commanding officer may think proper.

Copy of the opinion of a general court-martial, held at Colchester Barracks, the 22d of January, 1798, and on several subsequent days, for the trial of Colonel Baldwin Leighton, a Lieutenant-colonel of the 46th regiment of foot, upon several charges preferred against him, by Lieutenant-Colonel Bryan Bell, of the same regiment.

The court-martial, after a full investigation of the several charges preferred against Colonel Leighton, and upon due consideration of the whole matter before them, think it in justice due to that officer, to declare their decided opinion, not only that he is not guilty of misbehaviour in any of the instances imputed to him, but that he appears to have conducted himself in every part of his duty, which has come within the cognizance of the court, with a zealous attention to His Majesty's service, and as becomes the character of an officer and a gentleman; and they do therefore honourably acquit him, the said Colonel Leighton, of all and every part of the said charges.

The court cannot close their proceedings, without expressing their serious concern, that Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, by whatever motive actuated, should have been so far led astray from his duty, as to prefer charges against his superior officer, which appear to them to have been groundless and vexatious; a conduct in its tendency destructive of military discipline and subordination.

His Majesty has been pleased entirely to approve the opinion of the court-martial. His Majesty, not without expressing much concern that Lieutenant-Colonel Bell's conduct should have rendered the measure necessary, has commanded Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. the Judge-advocate-general, to notify

to

to that officer, that his Majesty has not any further occasion for his service as a lieutenant-colonel in the 46th Regiment of Foot.

ON GENERAL WEMYSS.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February, the confirmation of the sentence of the court-martial on Major-General Wemyss was made public, as follows:

" By the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. Whereas Captain William John Maddens, as Judge Advocate, hath transmitted to us the minutes and sentence of a general court-martial, held at the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, on the 4th day of January instant, and continued, by adjournments, to the 22d of January, in pursuance of our warrant, dated the 9th day of December last, for the trial of Major-general Maurice Wemyss, Colonel-commandant of the Portsmouth division of Marines, upon the charges therein specified, by which sentence the court is of opinion, that the charges, as stated in the warrant and letter to Earl Spencer, dated the 30th of October last, relating to the prisoner's intention of entirely abolishing the divisional fund, and perverting it to other uses than those for which it was originally intended, is proved; that the reasons*, as stated by the prisoner in his defence, upon the charge for intending to apply the sum of fifty-two pounds, expended for his own private use, and to have charged the same to government, under the charge of barrack repairs, are insufficient, and could not justify his conduct in acting so derogatory to his situation and rank, as commanding officer of the division, and the trust reposed in him; and that the charge of the prisoner's personal gross and violent treatment towards Captain and Adjutant Lethem, is proved in part: that the court is therefore of opinion, 'That Major-general Maurice Wemyss, Colonel-commandant of Marines, from the irregularity of his conduct in the several instances before-mentioned, is not fit for the discharging the duties incumbent on the commanding officer; but in consideration of the prisoner's long services, age, and infirmities, did therefore only adjudge him to be placed on half-pay.'

" And whereas we approve of the said sentence; we do hereby signify to you our confirmation thereof.

'Given under our hands the 29th of January, 1798.

SPENCER.
ARDEN.
J. GAMBIER.

" To Major-general William Souter, of the Marines, at Portsmouth.

" By command of their Lordships,

EVAN NEPEAN."

* We understand, that after the sitting of the Court, on the second day, the General expressed his wish to accept the retirement, and that an application, in concurrence with the prosecutor, was made to the Admiralty to suffer it, which was refused; but it was intimated that the prosecutor might decline adducing any farther evidence; and that, in consequence thereof, he signified his intention of following such intimation; but the Court resolved to proceed in the prosecution, and called witnesses unassisted by him, and that Major-general Wemyss admitted their charge, and gave reason for his conduct in his defence.

THE ROYAL TIGER.

FROM CHURCH'S CABINET OF QUADRUPEDS.

THE royal tiger is certainly the moſt beautiful creature of the cat kind; but, as it were to ſhew the danger of attachment to beauty, merely for its own ſake, it is, at the ſame time, the moſt cruel, rapacious, and deſtructive animal in the creation.

The ſize of the royal tiger is often ſuperior to that of the lion; its uſual length, when full grown, is about nine feet, and it frequently is four feet ten inches in height; notwithſtanding which, it is poſſeſſed of as much agility as the cat, united with prodigious ſtrength; thus qualified, it is no wonder that it carries dread and devaſtation wherever it goes. The tiger reſembles the cat in its general form. Its colour is a full yellow, inclining to fawn colour, which is deeper on the back, and becomes gradually lighter as it approaches towards the belly, where it is white, as are alſo the throat, and the inſide of the legs; the whole body is beautifully marked with deep black ſtripes or bands, which run in the ſame direction as the ribs, from the back down to the belly, and form a ſtriking and elegant contraſt with the yellow: round each eye there is a white ſpace ſpotted with black, and a ſtripe of the ſame colour extends along the cheeks from the ear to the throat: the legs are yellow, with ſome black ſtripes on them; the hair is beautifully gloſſy, and ſmooth, and looks like very fine velvet.

The royal tiger may be conſidered as one of the ſcarceſt of quadrupeds, and much leſs diffuſed than the lion: it is a native of the Eaſt-Indies, where it is only to be found in the warmeſt regions.

The tiger is ſeldom heard to roar with much violence, in a ſtate of captivity; but, when he ranges at large the tyrant of the foreſts, his cry is horrible beyond deſcription. It begins by intonations and reflections, which are at firſt deep, melancholy, and ſlow; theſe preſently become more acute, when, ſuddenly collecting himſelf, he ſends forth a violent cry, interrupted by long tremulous ſounds, which make a diſtracting impreſſion upon the mind. The night is the time when his roarings are uſually heard, the horror of which is increaſed by the ſilence and darkneſs, and his cries are repeated by the echoes of the mountains.

At the dreaded appearances of this cruel monſter, which always ſeems to tremble with a ſavage joy at the ſight of the animal whoſe blood he is about to drink, moſt other creatures think only of flight, which is often unavailing: if the bear has not time to aſcend a tree, he is dead: the dog has ſcarcely a moment allowed him to utter the cry of deſpair; he is inſtantly ſeized and torn in pieces: a large bull is preſently overthrown, and dragged away with eaſe: the wild male buffalo, indeed, will dart at his enemy, but if he is alone, he ſoon falls a victim to his cruel antagoniſt.

A peaſant, in the Sundah Rajah's dominions, had a buffalo fallen into a quagmire, and while he went for aſſiſtance, a large tiger, with its ſingle ſtrength, drew forth the animal, though the united force of many men was inſufficient for the purpoſe. The firſt object which preſented itſelf to the people, on their return to the place, was the tiger, who had thrown the buffalo over his ſhoulder, as a fox does a gooſe, and was carrying it away, with the feet upwards, towards its den; as ſoon as

as it saw the men, it let fall its prey, and instantly fled into the woods; but it had previously killed the buffalo, and sucked its blood The Indian buffalo usually weighs a thousand pounds, which is twice the weight of our black cattle; from hence some idea may be formed of the enormous strength of this cruel and rapacious animal, which could run off with a creature twice its own weight with such apparent ease.

HE'S MUCH TO BLAME.

WRITTEN ON ITS FIRST REPRESENTATION.

A NEW Comedy, entitled, "HE'S MUCH TO BLAME," was on Tuesday night, February the 13th, brought out of Covent Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Airy -	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Delaval - -	Mr. Pope.
Lord Vibrate - -	Mr. Quick.
Doctor Van Gosterman-	Mr. Murray.
Mr. Thompson - -	Mr. Davenport.
Williams - -	Mr. Clarke.
Lady Jane - -	Miss Betterton.
Maria Delaval -	Mrs. Pope.
Lucy - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Lady Vibrate - -	Mrs. Mattocks.

A comedy of more powerful interest, and in which the passion is maintained with more spirit, has not appeared at either Theatre for several years past; and we rejoice to see, after the frivolous pantomimes which have so frequently disgraced the stage, that there is still taste and judgment to feel and applaud a play that is directed to the heart. In this comedy the emotions are raised by a fable most ingeniously and yet naturally contrived. The foundation of the plot is new to the Theatre, and the characters are drawn with masterly art. A young man, of promising parts, and without fortune, *George Versatile*, was patronized by *Colonel Delaval*, educated, and put forth into the world. The Colonel's son was gone to India; his only daughter became attached to this adopted child of her father, who, in the last moments of his life, carried his affection for *Versatile* so far, as to wish to see them united for life. The day of marriage was appointed; but in the interval, by a combination of fortuitous circumstances, *George Versatile* succeeded to a baronet's title and an estate; his protector, the Colonel, died, and he ruined and abandoned the daughter, the object of his love, *Maria Delaval.* Now a man of fortune, we find him paying court to the daughter of *Lord Vibrate*, who was attached to young *Delaval*, the brother of *Maria*, who is returned from India, and being informed of the treachery of *Sir George*, is resolved to avenge his sister's cause; and she, fearful of the consequences, flies to London in boys' cloaths, in hopes of preventing a duel. It is at this moment that the play opens at a hotel in London, and the story is conducted with such consummate skill, as to the distribution of the scenes, and perfect regularity of dramatic rules, as to give it that strong effect which symmetry and proportion uniformly confer, and shew, that if the author be new to the stage, he is thoroughly versed in its laws. It is ascribed to Mr. Fenwick, who, we believe, never wrote for the Theatre before. We congratulate the public on the acquisition of so able a writer; for he shews himself, in this production, capable of affording them high enjoyment. The

ſentiment of the play is its richeſt part. The feelings are arreſted in the moſt powerful way, and both the ſcene between *Maria* and *Sir George* in the fourth act, and the ſcene between the brother and *Sir George* in the fiſth, are as exquiſitely wrought up, in tenderneſs and paſſion, as any thing upon the ſtage. The effect upon the houſe was convulſive, and it muſt ſtill improve when the performers become more intimate with the ſtriking features of their parts. Neither is it deficient in gaiety and mirth; but the mirth is rational. It does not ſink to buffoonery; and though it abounds in incident, it derives no aid from crockery nor jointſtools. The dialogue is lively and animated, and has juſt enough of epigram and point to relieve the impaſſioned part of the ſtory, which is obviouſly the chief aim of the writer. It was crowned with univerſal applauſe, and was given out again amidſt the loudeſt acclamations that we have for a long time heard in the theatre.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Since writing the foregoing article, it has been given out, that the name of Fenwick is merely nominal, and that Mr. Holcroft is the real author of the comedy. Mr. Holcroft, in conſequence of his political ſentiments, and of the indictment againſt him for High Treaſon (though he was not put upon his trial), has ever ſince felt the force of miniſterial hatred. His *Knave or Not* (ſee our Magazine for January, page 177, met with much oppoſition, on account, not only of the bold ſentiments it contained, but likewiſe from the Author's being (as ſuppoſed) adverſe to the preſent adminiſtration.

Their Majeſties and the Royal Family went to the third repreſentation of *He's Much to Blame.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW GRAND HISTORICAL BALLET OF ACTION, CALLED JOAN OF ARC: OR, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

THE MUSIC BY MR. REEVE.

BALLET CHARACTERS.

Engliſh.

Young Talbot	-	Mr. Bologna, jun.
General Talbot	-	Mr. Bologna.
Herald	- -	Mr. Helme.

French.

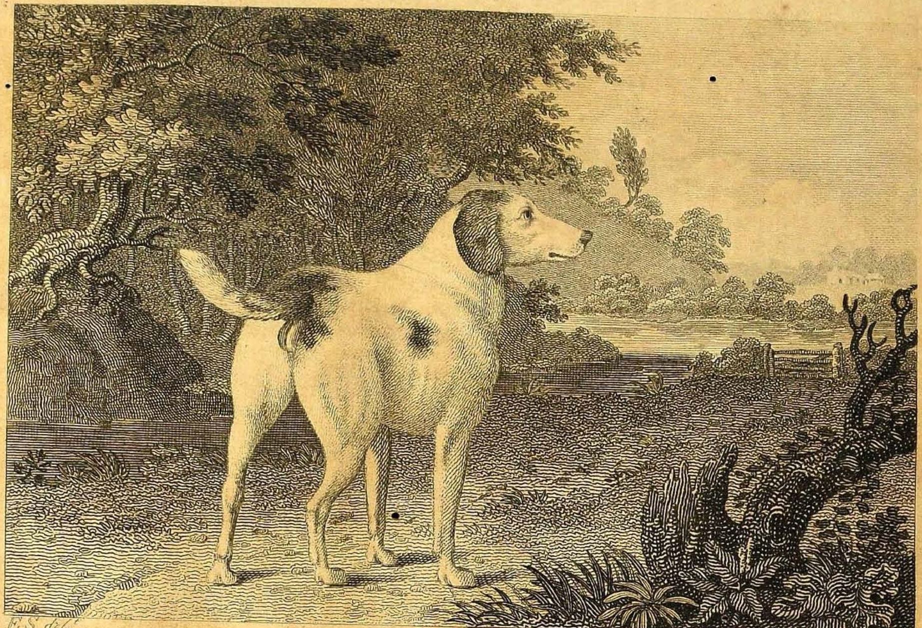
Alenſon	- -	Mr. Farley
Charles (King of France)		Mr. Simpſon.
Cardinal	- -	Mr. Powel.
Abbot	- -	Mr. Thompſon
Joan of Arc	-	Mrs Parker.
Lucifer	- -	Mr. Follett.

Vocal Characters in the Pageant.

Alfred, *Mr. Incledon.*—Edwin (the Page), *Miſs Sims.*—Minſtrel, *Mrs. Clendining.*—And Blanche, *Mrs. Mountain.*

Danes and Britiſh, *Meſſrs. Linton, Street, Gray, &c.*

THE Ballet (principally taken from hiſtorical facts) commences with a grand battle before the town of Orleans, in which the Engliſh being victorious, a wounded French officer (Alenſon) ſolicits ſhelter in the inn, where Joan of Arc and her ſiſter Blanche reſide. This is granted, and



E.S. del.

J. Scott. Sculp.

COLLYIER

Published March 1st 1798, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

and they ſcarcely retire, before the conquering party ruſh into the inn, but are prevented from uſing outrage by the intervention of a young Engliſh General (Talbot), of whom the ſiſters become enamoured. He prefers Blanche, and Joan, from reſentment, in conjunction with Alenſon, meditate his ruin, in which they fail, and are forced to fly—Joan, grown deſperate, invokes ſupernatural aid, and receives a banner from Lucifer—She perſuades her countrymen ſhe is the Delegate of Heaven—demands a conſecrated ſword and ſhield at the tomb of Charlemagne—Heads the French troops, and being victorious, takes young Talbot and her ſiſter (whom he had eſpouſed) priſoners. Edwin (Young Talbot's page) not allowed to attend on his maſter —by concealing himſelf in the ſpoils of his tent, is conveyed to the court-yard of his priſon, through the grating of which, he gives him a ſleeping draught, telling him, on drinking it, that they will ſuppoſe him dead, and the Engliſh demand his body — He complies—but the requeſt of the Engliſh is refuſed, and he lowered into the cell where Blanche is confined—She conceives him dead—deſpairing, is on the point of deſtroying herſelf, when he awakes—The page, from the top of the cell, points out the means of eſcape, which they are on the point of accompliſhing, when Joan ruſhes in, but appalled at the ghoſt-like appearance of Talbot, whom ſhe conceived dead, permits them to glide by—learns their eſcape, and purſues them—Excurſions with the enemy—Joan kills Talbot's father, and forces him to combat — diſdaining the threats of a woman—he throws away his ſword, acting only on the defenſive—diſarms her—ſhe ruſhes on him, when her ſupernatural power failing, her ſword and ſhield break to pieces—ſhe ſnatches her banner, which takes fire—grown deſperate, ſeizes a ſword, and attempts to ſtab him; is prevented by Britiſh ſoldiers, who ſurround and vanquiſh her—Young Talbot at the ſame time killing Alenſon—her life is preſerved by the interceſſion of Blanche—the Britiſh are victorious —She ruſhes off—again ſolicits ſupernatural aid, but being ſurrounded by dæmons, is plunged into Lucifer's fiery gulf—Blanche and Talbot are rendered happy, and the whole concludes with a Grand Hiſtorical Pageant, affording ſplendid illuſtrations of Britiſh glory.

COLLYER,

[*With an Engraving to face this Page.*]

IN furniſhing the preſent Plate, we rather do it to pleaſe a Correſpondent than ourſelves, hoping, nevertheleſs, our readers will be pleaſed with it, though but little novelty is preſented, as dogs of nearly the ſame deſcription have already been given in our Magazine. Our Correſpondent's account is as follows:

"This plate of Collyer (a dog belonging to ſome kept at Lewiſham, Kent), is given to your readers, not as a dog famed for his venatorial exploits, but merely to ſhew the true character of the Leverarius or Harrier, which is a ſpecies well known at preſent; it derives its name from its uſe, that of hunting the hare; but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a ſtronger and fleeter variety, applied to a different chace.

LAW

LAW TRIALS, IN SOME DEGREE APPLICABLE TO SPORTING.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon in Westminster Hall.

BECKFORD *v.* HOOD.

THIS was an iſſue out of Chancery to try the plaintiff's title to a book, that is, the ſole right of the publication of it. The book was entitled, "Thoughts on Hunting." The Plaintiff was the author of the book. It was firſt publiſhed in the year 1781. It went through ſeveral editions under the direction of the author; but when he was about to publiſh a further edition, the defendant, within twenty-eight years after the firſt publication by the plaintiff, publiſhed an edition of the book.

The only queſtion was, whether the defendant had a right to do this by law? And, it being a matter of great importance in regard to literary property, the point was reſerved for the opinion of the Court, and it is to be argued on the following admiſſions:

That the firſt edition was publiſhed without the author's name.

That the ſubſequent editions were publiſhed with his name.

That the work was not entered at Stationers'-hall.

That the plaintiff was alive at the time the action was brought.

And laſtly, that the defendant, when he publiſhed the work, made ſome additions to it, together with plates.

The only queſtion to be certified by the Court of King's Bench to the Chancellor, is, whether the defendant has, or has not violated the law in this caſe.

There were two points upon which Lord Kenyon had but little doubt—the one was, that, if an author of a book gave it to the public, he ſhould not reclaim it as his own; the other was, that by the 8th of Anne, it was not neceſſary to enter a book at Stationers' Hall to preſerve to the author an excluſive property in it; for, that the purpoſe of entering at Stationers' Hall was only to entitle the author to ſue for certain penalties againſt thoſe who ſhall publiſh without his authority, or rather to ſubject the party offending to certain penalties.

ROSSER *v.* PARSONS.

This was an Action of Trover, to recover the value of the goods which the plaintiff had a right to have delivered to him, and which the defendant had converted to his own uſe.

The action was for a very ſmall ſum of money, not above four ſhillings, but the queſtion between the parties is intereſting to all who have any parcels ſent to them from the country, or whoſe buſineſs it is to deliver them.

The plaintiff's ſiſter is a lady living in Glamorganſhire, and is in the habit of ſending up parcels to her brother, who is a gentleman in the law, an attorney, living in King-ſtreet, Holborn. Theſe parcels were conſtantly ſent by water to Briſtol; from thence to the Swan Inn, Holborn Bridge, by Wiltſhire's waggon; but in the caſe in queſtion, the parcel came by the defendant, Mr. Parſons's waggon, and which arrives in Baſinghall-ſtreet. The parcel was contained in a ſmall box, and weighed about fifteen pounds weight.

weight. The charge for it was one ſhilling for the carriage to Briſtol, a ſhilling from Briſtol to London, and for the porterage of it from the inn in Baſinghall-ſtreet, to King-ſtreet, Holborn, *one ſhilling*, making in all three ſhillings. The plaintiff alledged, that the two ſhillings for the two firſt ſtages of carriage to London, was fair enough, but he reſiſted the payment of the *ſhilling* for the *porterage*, becauſe, according to conſtant cuſtom of delivering parcels, *ſixpence* was ample ſufficient. The porter of the inn had brought in a cart the parcel in queſtion. Mr. Roſſer happened to be at home; the man demanded three ſhillings, charging the porterage one ſhilling; the plaintiff tendered him half-a-crown. The porter refuſed to deliver the parcel, unleſs he had three ſhillings, being the ſum marked upon the parcel by the book-keeper of his maſter's office, and therefore went away with the parcel. The plaintiff ſent his clerk to demand the parcel at the office, upon payment of the half-crown; but the book-keeper there ſaid, that it was not come back again with the porter, but that if it was, it would not be delivered unleſs the three ſhillings were paid; for that the ſhilling for the porterage was a reaſonable charge.

Upon this, Mr. Roſſer, not for the value of the parcel, which contained a little butter and honey, but upon the ſpirit of the thing, and to reſiſt this ſpecies of impoſition, brought his action againſt the defendant, the owner of the waggon, who is civilly reſponſible for the conduct of his ſervants, for the amount of this parcel.

It appeared in evidence, that by the general uſage of the buſineſs, no more than ſixpence could be fairly demanded for porterage for any one of the parcels of this kind, that were under one hundred weight; that even from Holborn-bridge to Groſvenor-ſquare, a parcel thus brought in a cart, was charged only ſixpence porterage; and, therefore, as the defendant's ſervant had refuſed to deliver the parcel for leſs than a ſhilling, and the ſixpence had been offered to him, the jury, under his Lordſhip's direction, found a verdict for the plaintiff.

Lord Kenyon then ſaid, there was a vaſt deal of impoſition, without the leaſt ground for it, in the charges for the porterage of parcels in this town. If a man with an hundred parcels of this kind in his cart, was to bring them all to one perſon, and was to charge one hundred ſhillings for them, although they were all brought at once, there would be no end to it.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15.

CHITTY *v.* CARROL.

This was an action which the court ſaid ought to be encouraged, for the ſake of the public. It was brought by the plaintiff to recover upwards of four hundred pounds, for money paid by his wife at different times to the defendant, on account of illegal inſurances in the lottery.

It appeared in evidence, that the defendant was a lottery-office keeper, and that the plaintiff's wife had been imprudent enough to purſue the deſtructive practice of inſuring different numbers, till ſhe had loſt the above ſum; to recover back which, the preſent action was brought.

It was alſo proved in evidence, that the plaintiff's wife had mortgaged a copyhold eſtate to ſecure

to

to the defendant, the payment of four hundred and fifty-four pounds, due for insurances, and which his agent had advanced on his account.

The learned judge reprobated, in the strongest terms, the baneful practice of insuring, and expressed his surprize, how any person, possessing a grain of common sense, could engage in so ruinous a species of gaming.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, for four hundred and sixty-eight pounds.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Before Lord Kenyon.

LACAUSSADE *v.* WHITE.

Mr. Garrow, for the plaintiff, stated the nature of this transaction: that his client had given the defendant one hundred pounds, to return to the plaintiff three hundred pounds, if peace was not agreed upon between France and this country within a certain period; which period being elapsed, the plaintiff brought this action to recover either the three hundred pounds, or the one hundred pounds back, which ever the jury, under his lordship's direction, should think it incumbent on them to give their verdict for.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendant, maintained, that this being in the nature of a gambling transaction, the plaintiff, beyond controversy, was not entitled to recover the three hundred pounds, and submitted that he could not even recover back the one hundred pounds, on the authority of a case decided by Lord Mansfield, who held, that a transaction being illegal on both sides, the plaintiff could not recover back his money.

Lord Kenyon said, that Lord Chief Justice Holt had held, that where a transaction was illegal on both sides, the money might be recovered back. His Lordship said, he held every decision of Lord Mansfield in the highest veneration. It was a duty extremely difficult to decide between two such great authorities; but he was inclined, in this instance, to agree with the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Holt. That opinion was certainly consistent with equity, and he was inclined to think it was law also; but he wished this matter to have a full investigation, and directed the plaintiff to have a verdict for one hundred pounds, subject to the opinion of the court on the point of law reserved.

DUELLING IN MALTA, WITH AN ANECDOTE OF A DISPUTE AT A BILLIARD-TABLE.

PERHAPS Malta is the only country in the world where duelling is permitted by law. As their whole military establishment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconsistent with these principles to abolish duelling: but they have laid it under such restrictions, as greatly to reduce its danger. The duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street of the city, and if they presume to fight any where else, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, they are obliged, under the most severe penalties, to put up their sword, when ordered so to do by a woman, a priest, or a knight.

Under these limitations, in the

midft of a great city, one would imagine it almoft impoffible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the cafe.

A few years ago, two knights had a difpute at a billiard-table. One of them, after fome infulting language, added a blow; but, to the aftonifhment of all Malta (in whofe annals there is not a fimilar inftance), after fo great a provocation, he abfolutely refufed to fight his antagonift. The challenge was repeated, and he had time to reflect upon the confequences, but ftill he refufed to enter the lifts. He was condemned to make *amende honourable* in the great church of St. John, for forty five days fucceffively, then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years, and after that to remain a prifoner in the caftle for life. He who received the blow was in difgrace, becaufe he had no opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adverfary.

THE PRESS-GANG WORSTED.

ON Thurfday morning, February 15, a prefs-gang, confifting of eight men, went to a public-houfe in Eaft-Smithfield, to imprefs five feamen, againft whom information had been lodged; the latter refifted, and, after a fevere conteft, the affailants retired. About one o'clock, however, the gang, reinforced to the number of fixteen, and headed by a lieutenant, returned to fecure the five feamen, and three of their companions, who had joined them. After fome conteft, the combatants iffued into the ftreet, where a defperate engagement took place, each party being armed with bludgeons, &c. In the event, the prefs-gang was again beaten, feveral on each fide being ferioufly hurt, particularly the lieutenant, who is faid to have loft an eye, and was difabled from quitting the fpot without affiftance. The prefs-gang proceeded to Wellclofe-fquare, to lodge a complaint againft the feamen, who followed them to the office, where both parties were heard. Mr. Davis, the prefiding magiftrate, difmiffed the complaint, obferving, that the prefs-gang had acted unwarrantably, in having entered a peaceable houfe, armed with offenfive weapons, and, by their conduct, provoked an oppofition which had terminated not difhonourably to their courageous opponents

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LADY E—— L——.

THE *fair fame* of this extraordinary lady, if it has not been vilified of late, has at leaft been mifreprefented. She has neither been married to a *courier*, nor an *hair-dreffer*, as the following authentic, but curious detail, will demonftrate:—When fhe had arranged matters for her departure, which, it is faid, became a preffing meafure of neceffity, fhe found that fome well-concerted ftratagem was indifpenfible to cover her landing on the inimical coaft of France. For this purpofe fhe engaged a Swifs to perfonate a foreigner of diftinction; fhe cloathed and introduced him into her circle a little before her departure in that character, and then took out a paffport at Lord Grenville's office, for M. Lord, the *Swifs Grandee*, and his *wife*, and immediately embarked with him for the Continent. Arriving at Calais, the municipal officers, finding that fhe was an Englifh woman, interrogated her very clofely upon the fubject of her *marriage* with the Swifs, which fhe was obliged to

ſupport by the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations:—the hero of the plot, however, being either very much alarmed, or pretending to be ſo, could not be prevailed upon to make as bold a declaration, in ſupport of the *happy union*, until her ladyſhip had braced his nerves by the advance of a conſiderable ſum; when, like a man of *nice honour*, he demanded, and received the protection that was due to his diſtinguiſhed conſort!—Succeſs now crowned her ladyſhip's hopes and views:—they purſued an uninterrupted route to Aix la Chapelle, from whence the Swiſs was ſoon diſmiſſed, who actually arrived again laſt month in London, better pleaſed, it is conjectured, with his *pecuniary bargain*, than his *preſumptive wife!*

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury, in Weſtminſter Hall.

RICKETTS *v.* TAYLOR.

THIS was an action for criminal converſation between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife.

The plaintiff is a reſpectable gentleman at the Bar, and a relation of Lord St. Vincent; the defendant is a member of parliament for Wells.

Mr. Erſkine made a very eloquent ſpeech for the plaintiff, but it would be impoſſible to give any detail of it in the ſpace that can be allowed in this part of our Magazine.

It appeared in evidence that the marriage of the plaintiff and his lady was ſolemnized at the church of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, in June, 1790, and that the lady was then only ſixteen years of age; but that it was an union with the entire approbation of the parents on both ſides.

The Honourable Mr. Twiſleton, brother to Mrs. Ricketts, proved that he frequently viſited the family after the marriage; he ſaid, that Mr. Ricketts was a gentleman at the bar. He had frequent opportunity of ſeeing how he conducted himſelf towards his wife. In the whole courſe of his life he did not think that he ever ſaw ſo affectionate a couple.

On his croſs-examination, he ſaid, his ſiſter eloped with the plaintiff, and afterwards they were married.

The Earl of Northeſk ſaid, that Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts were often at his houſe, and he obſerved that they were a very affectionate couple. Indeed, his lordſhip ſaid, he never ſaw any two live happier together.

Doctor R. Croſt was in the habit of attending the family in his profeſſional character. He attended at each time Mrs. Ricketts was delivered, and ſhe had three children. He never ſaw greater attention paid by a huſband to a wife, than the plaintiff paid to Mrs. Ricketts.

Mr. Newboll, a gentleman at the Bar, gave evidence of the affection of Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts; as did alſo Mr. George Ricketts, the plaintiff's uncle.

Ann Brownſmith, houſekeeper to Lady Say and Sele, who lives in Bentinck-ſtreet, proved, that, when Mr. Ricketts left town to go upon the circuit (for Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts lived in Lady Say and Sele's houſe, ſhe being the lady's mother), he wrote to Mrs. Ricketts continually: he was a very attentive huſband. She once ſaw a gen-

tleman

tleman coming to my lady's houſe, and aſking for Mrs. Ricketts; ſhe knowing that Mrs. Ricketts never would ſee any ſtrange gentlemen, ſaid ſhe was not at home. She did not, at that time, know the gentleman; ſhe never ſaw him before. He went away. He came back again in about twenty minutes, and in conſequence of the directions which Mrs. Ricketts had given her ſince the gentleman had called, ſhe let him into the parlour, where Mrs. Ricketts was in an undreſs. The witneſs opened the door to the gentleman, and, without announcing his name, he entered the parlour at once. He ſtaid with her for about half an hour, and let himſelf out without ringing the bell, and without any ſervant being ordered to go to the door, which is the uſual cuſtom. That the witneſs afterwards ſaw Mr. Taylor at his own houſe, and was perfectly ſenſible that he was the gentleman who called on, and was admitted to Mrs. Ricketts when ſhe was in an undreſs in the parlour. That ſhe ſaw Mr. Taylor, the defendant, yeſterday, at his own houſe, and knew him perfectly well.

Mr. Plomer proved a note that was produced to be the hand-writing of the defendant, Mr. Taylor, and written to Mrs. Ricketts, although it was not directed. It ſtated, (amongſt other things) " Mrs. D—— is not wholly free from ſuſpicion," (who this Mrs. D. was, the plaintiff out of delicacy forbore to explain, by abſtaining from calling her.) " My going with her will make her leſs ſuſpicious. I would have danced with another lady, but her attention to me would have made you jealous. I am obliged to go into the country for a fortnight—Let me ſee you once before that time, and in whatever manner I may ſpeak before others, I ſhall ever feel warmly for Caſſandra."—Caſſandra was the name of Mrs. Ricketts.

Samuel Crook ſwore, that he is a taylor by trade, that he lives at No. 33, Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare; that he has lived there, and in the neighbourhood, for eighteen years, and now works for himſelf and keeps a ſhop. That he knew Mr. Taylor, the defendant in this action. That he had kept a houſe in Margaret-ſtreet for about five years. That he firſt ſaw him early in the month of May laſt, in Cavendiſh-ſquare. He ſaw Mr. Taylor and a lady walking together and talking very ſeriouſly. He was going with ſome work home, and half an hour afterwards, as he was returning, he obſerved the middle ſhutter of Mr. Taylor's houſe ſhut. It is nearly oppoſite to the ſhop of the witneſs. From this he was led to ſuſpect, that the lady viſited Mr. Taylor, as ſome others had done, and this excited his curioſity to watch from time to time; the reſult of which was, that he ſaw this lady come three or four times to the ſame ſtreet, and Mr. Taylor was at his window looking for her; that when ſhe came into the ſtreet, he lifted up the window, came down, and let her in; ſhe generally continued with him about half an hour. That as ſoon as ſhe came into the houſe the door was ſhut, and the ſhutters up ſtairs were put cloſe together; and as ſoon as ſhe came out again, Mr. Taylor went up ſtairs, and opened the ſhutters, and looked after her, ſhe always walking away extremely faſt. That once he ſaw her coming up towards Mr. Taylor's houſe, a gentleman was walking after: Mr. Taylor opened the door, but perceiving that a gentleman was near her, he ſhut the door immediately, and the lady went on as far as a toy-ſhop, and ſtopped for a ſecond or two; the gentleman went off,

off, and ſhe immediately returned." Mr. Taylor was then about to open the door; ſhe ſkipped in of a ſudden, and hardly room to enter, the door being only half opened. That at another time the witneſs had an opportunity of ſeeing the lady and Mr. Taylor together, and looking at them attentively, he meeting them as they croſſed the ſtreet, ſo that he had not the leaſt doubt of being perfectly clear that he might know the lady if he ſaw her again. It was the ſame lady he ſaw afterwards at Chapel-houſe, in Oxfordſhire. He was very minute in the deſcription of her perſon. He ſaw her while he was in company with a perſon of the name of Anthony. He added, that he knew of other women calling on Mr. Taylor at his houſe in the ſame way as this lady did; one of them was the daughter of a reputable man, who had retired from trade.

William Anthony had been ſervant to Mr. Taylor. He proved, that the lady whom the laſt witneſs ſaw at Chapel-Houſe, in Oxfordſhire, was Mrs. Ricketts; that the houſe of Mr. Taylor, in Margaret-ſtreet, was taken in the name of his valet, and that there was only one ſervant in it.

Mr. Dallas made a very eloquent ſpeech in favour of the defendant, and contended there was not evidence enough in this caſe to eſtabliſh the adultery. But, in the event of the Jury thinking otherwiſe, he begged of them to conſider the circumſtances of the caſe, and then, he maintained, the damages would be but ſmall; for there was no evidence of any ſeduction, or of friendſhip betrayed, &c.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, that this action imputed to the defendant a criminal converſation, for which he was called upon to anſwer in damages. His Lordſhip obſerved, that he had had frequent occaſions to ſee that offences of this kind came too often into view; too often had he, as Judge, been obliged to call the moſt ſerious attention of the Jury to matters of this kind. It afforded but a melancholy picture of the morals of the age in which we lived. It was a ſad compliment to the virtue of the preſent generation, that recourſe was had ſo often to Courts of Juſtice for reparation for ſuch ſerious injuries as theſe. He thought that the ſeveral cauſes which had been decided in this place would have ſet a good example, and improved the character and manners of the times in which we live. He, for one, had long thought, and continued to think, that Juries were well employed when they laboured in the ſervice of religion, virtue, and morality; and had alſo hoped that their determinations againſt vice in the inſtances which came before them, would have ſome influence on the conduct of others; but there was too much reaſon to lament that their endeavours had not yet had their deſired effect, as the frequent diſcuſſions of ſuch trials as theſe too plainly proved. He did not pretend to be competent to adviſing the preſent Jury; they came from an order of life in which information on the affairs of the world was too large to require any of his aſſiſtance. They were men of feeling and men of honour. They could eſtimate the value of the comforts of life; and could judge what the effect would be upon themſelves, if their happineſs was interrupted by an act of this nature.

The learned Counſel for the defendant had ſubmitted three points for the determination of the Jury. Firſt, whether the evidence given in the cauſe be true? Secondly, ſuppoſing that to be decided in the affirmative, what concluſion

ought

ought to follow in a Court of Justice? And thirdly, supposing the adultery to be a fair inference, what damages ought to be given? Upon each of these points his Lordship said, it was necessary for him to say a few words.—Whether the evidence be true or not, he must leave entirely to the Jury to determine; generally speaking, however, witnesses, to whom no corrupt motives could be imputed, and against whose evidence no other evidence was offered, and on whose general character there was no unfavourable imputation, and where none who heard them doubted the probability of the facts which they related, were entitled to credit in a Court of Justice, and what they swore was taken to be true. Supposing then that the witnesses in this cause had sworn the truth, the next point would be what conclusion could be drawn from their evidence? And here he was called upon to review almost the whole of his past conduct in his judicial character, and the Jury were called upon to review almost all the verdicts that had been given in Courts of Justice; for if no evidence but the evidence of facts was to be admitted, almost all the verdicts that had been given were unjustly and irregularly given. The learned gentlemen, who addressed the Jury for the defendant, had done it with great eloquence and great decorum; he had left nothing unsaid that could possibly save his client; but his Lordship said, he must endeavour to qualify the doctrine; that circumstantial evidence should not be attended to when the result of it was most obvious. He was sure it was the constant practice of the most enlightened characters that ever sat in Courts of Justice, to receive circumstantial evidence, and that too when the charges were of the most criminal nature; he did not mean to say that the evidence was strictly to the letter, such as had been given in this case, but he would maintain that in many cases evidence had been received, which was the same as this in substance, and in spirit. Indeed there was no doubt that circumstantial evidence was not only admissible, but was also, very frequently, much more satisfactory than positive proof, because witnesses might be perjured, but circumstances could not err. The Jury would therefore try the question upon the second point, namely, whether it was fair to infer from the evidence that adultery was committed between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife? To assist them in that enquiry, the letter written by the defendant to the plaintiff's wife was a material piece of evidence. The defendant said, "that another lady's "attention to him would have "made you jealous." Made you jealous! Why should it have made her jealous? She had no business to be jealous of him, nor of any thing concerning him; her honour ought to be dedicated to another, in faith of her solemn engagement at the altar.—This seemed to him to shew a plan for the seduction of the lady at this time, if indeed she was not seduced before. His Lordship said, he would not dwell on the economy of the defendant's house. It appeared that he had a valet, who passed as the owner of the house, and none living in the house constantly, but that a woman-servant kept it. Here his Lordship shortly recited the strongest points of the evidence, and then observed to the Jury, that the question for them was, whether the declaration contained in this letter, after the other evidence, was sufficient for them

them to conclude that adultery had been committed? It was but of very little consequence what conclusion he formed, for it was the business of the Jury to conclude upon the evidence. Supposing the Jury to be of opinion that the adultery was committed, the next question was, upon the damages. In considering that question, the Jury would never forget what the parties are. The gentleman who complained, was a relation of a person, whose brilliant actions would make an illustrious figure in the history of our present unparalleled naval glory; he meant Earl St. Vincent: he was moreover a member of an honourable and learned profession, of which, his Lordship said, it became him to speak with reverence, unworthy a member as he was himself of that profession. He possessed the affection of this lady, and the fruits of that affection were three children, whom he cannot look upon now with comfort, although once they might have been his joy, since now he may be doubtful whether they are his own offspring. It appeared that he behaved in every respect as a careful and loving husband. In that situation, he called upon the Jury not for satisfaction, that was impossible to a man who had lost all happiness, but for some reparation for the loss. Of the defendant, his Lordship would say but little, he seemed to him to be a man hackneyed in the way of vice, his house seemed to be a brothel kept for the seduction of young women of rank, and reputable tradesmens' daughters. His wealth was not disputed, and if it was, it was not very material, for if he could not pay in his purse, he ought to pay in his person. He would not sum up the pounds, shillings, and pence, that ought to be given in this case. He would now leave the case with the Jury.

The Jury withdrew, and remained out of Court for about half an hour, and then returned with a verdict for the Plaintiff—DAMAGES — FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

BIRTH, MARRIAGE, BAPTISM, AND CHURCHING.

ON the 7th of February, the banns of marriage were published, for the *third* time, between a young couple in the parish of Wigton (Cumberland); and no person shewing "cause or impediment," it was intended that they should "be joined together in holy matrimony" on the following morning: but, behold! the lady was seized with certain pains just as she was preparing for the solemnization; and, before the evening, was delivered of a chopping boy! This happened on the Monday; on the Saturday she *walked* to church with her intended husband; they were married, the child was baptised, and she was churched!

ANECDOTE.

Bishop Thomas, who was a man of humour and drollery, being once on a visitation, he was giving an account of his being married three or four times: "Says he, cheerfully, should my present wife die, I will take another! and it is my opinion, added he, I shall survive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of getting quit of

of your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a good husband; and so I am, for I never contradict them. But don't you know, the want of contradiction is fatal to women. If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health, *et optima medicamenta*, to women. But give them their own way, and they will languish and pine, become gross and lethargic for want of this exercise."

MR. WILKES.

It is customary in the City of London, on the death of a *Jew Broker*, for a relation to apply to the Lord Mayor for a new licence to act; the fee for which, to the Chief Magistrate, is *one thousand pounds*. In Wilkes's Mayoralty, a young *Israelite* applied to his Lordship for a renewal of licence in the room of his late father. "What," cried he, "is the worthy creature gone? Poor gentleman! Believe me, sir, I had much rather that they had *all died* than your worthy father."

A young student of the University of Cambridge, told Dr. Meredith (formerly Vice-Master of Trinity College), that he had eaten half an *ham* and drank three bottles of *port*; to which the doctor replied, "Wonderous are the works in the *land of Ham*, and terrible are the things in the *Red Sea*." —106th Psalm.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOODGE.

A friend of the doctor's observing he had got a new hat on, asked him what it cost; "a guinea," replied the doctor. "*Upon my credit*," says his friend (who thought it an exorbitant price). "No," returned the doctor, "*I paid for it*."

A gentleman being rallied on his ignorance of the Scriptures, by a female relative of the present Chancellor's, manifested his knowledge as to particular passages, and observed, he most admired St. Paul's alternative—*Wed, or burn*.

The lovers of *science* will rejoice to hear that Dr. Katterfelto was *not* lost on board the Viceroy, as erroneously mentioned in the papers. Of this we have the most indubitable testimony—a letter from under the doctor's own hand—dated Whitby, Yorkshire; who (to use his own elegant words) says, '*Sur, I am heare, aloive and merry, vid my famly of plack cats*; I was on board de Packet, but my plack cats did zave me from trowning vid their long tales and viskers—Plase to mak a paragraf of this.

Your's,

DR. KATTERFELTO,

F. R. S. M. D. Filosofer."

Mr. Courtney being present, some time ago, at the review of a regiment of cavalry, just returned from Ireland; on a flourish of trumpets being given, which was greatly out of order, General Fitzpatrick started, and asked the wag "what the d—l was the matter?" Mr. C. replied, "Nothing, General; the regiment is just returned from Ireland, and the trumpets have only got the *brogue*."

PUN.

In the list of the committee of merchants and bankers for promoting the voluntary contribution, we find the name of Mr. *Thomas Church-yard*. This is very natural, the war having contributed in so ample a manner towards fattening the *Church-yards*, that gentleman's name will, no doubt, have a conspicuous place in the list of the subscribers.

A Charles-

A Charleston paper contains, under the head of *Legislative Body*, the following report of their proceedings:—Dec. 5, 1795.—This day our Legislature met at ten o'clock, and immediately adjourned *to go and see a horse-race.*

At an election-dinner lately, one of those who called himself a *freeman*, gave for a toast, "A speedy emancipation of the *slaves*;" another, who sat next him, whispered in his ear, "Had that been the case at present, you and I would not have had such a good dinner *gratis*."

"To which University," said a lady, some time since, to the late sagacious Dr. Warren, "shall I send my son?" "Madam," replied he, "they drink, I believe, near the same quantity of port in each of them."

A Chaplain to a Governor of Bengal, more remarkable for the goodness of his heart than the brilliancy of his wit, being one day at the table of his patron, asked for a toast, with much simplicity exclaimed—"Alas! and a lack-a-day! what can I give?" "Nothing better, replied the Governor. Come, gentlemen, a bumper to the parson's toast—a *lass* and a *lack* a day." A lack of rupees is one hundred thousand pounds.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 27, a man went into a public-house, in the city of Chester, and drank no less than four noggins of gin and a pint of beer, in the short space of ten minutes, after which, he sunk into the arms of Morpheus, during which time, shocking to relate! one of his legs dropped off.—Reader, be not alarmed, it was only a *wooden one.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THURSDAY, January 25, the long depending match between two Gravesend boats, the one belonging to Mr. Fox, of Wapping, called the Cobham, and the other to Mr. Minshaw, for a wager of one hundred guineas, from Gravesend round to the Nore-Light, after a contest of five hours and a half, was decided in favour of the former. A handsome sum was collected for Bride, the master of the Cobham, as a reward for his skill in manœuvring. Considerable bets depended on the issue.

On Saturday, February 3, at what is termed a *close* club of the old BEEF STEAK, over Covent-Garden Theatre, Mr. Greene was elected a member, in the room of J. Wilkes, Esq. on the interest of the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Nettleship was his opponent, proposed by Mr. Trevanion: the numbers were nine to eight in favour of the Duke's recommendation.

On Friday, the 16th of February, as the Oxford Fencible Light Dragoons were practising the sword exercise, upon Barham Downs, while making the charge in opposite directions, two of them rode against each other with such extreme violence, that one of the horses was instantly killed by the shock, and the other so much bruised as to be totally spoiled. The riders were a serjeant and private; the former was much bruised, and the latter had his thigh broken in two places, but both are in a fair way of recovery. The accident was occasioned by the sun shining full in the face of one of the men.

A cler-

A clergyman, a ſhort time ſince, ſtarted a candidate for a lectureſhip in the country. In his letters of canvas, much ſtreſs was laid on his being a gentleman of *rapid delivery*; as a proof of which, he propoſed a bet of twenty pounds, and offered to give his opponent to the ſecond leſſon of the day, and to beat him by twenty minutes.

On January 29, was aſſembled, a great concourſe of people, to partake of a foot-race by men and women: ſeven of each ſtarted upon the race-ground at Swinſtead, in Lincolnſhire. The Honourable Mr. Bertie was the donor of the prizes (a guinea each). No one ſeemed to enjoy the feſtivity of the day more than Mr. B. who is ever endeavouring to render his dependants and houſehold happy.

Colonel Hopkins, and Mr. C. Robinſon, have made a match with hounds, for five hundred pounds, over the Beacon Courſe, at Newmarket. Mr. Robinſon ſtarts Dumplin, a rabbit beagle, having fifty yards given. Colonel Hopkins's fox-hound, Squib, is to carry weight according to his ſize. The pedigrees of the dogs are as follow: Dumplin was got by Nero, out of Houſewife, own ſiſter to Aſtrea, Nimble, and Werter, whoſe dam was Bruſher, which was got by the famous Cinnamon. Squib is a regular lineal deſcendant from Coleby's Welchman, which beat Mr. Medcuſt's hound over Newmarket, his dam by Romper, out of Shuffle, which was out of the old Thornville bitch, called Boaſter, whoſe pedigree is ſo well known to all ſportſmen, as to require no further illuſtration.

On Wedneſday, January 31, the following melancholy cataſtrophe occurred at Southerham, near Lewes, Suſſex. A boy, about ten years old, ſervant to Mr. Marchant, being entruſted to lead a colt to water, at a trough in the cloſe, and having twiſted the halter round his arm, the beaſt took fright, and dragged him to the ſtable-door, where his father was ſtanding, and attempted to extricate him, by ſeizing the halter, but his ſtrength proving inſufficient to check the ſpirit of the beaſt, he broke from him, and galloped furiouſly to the gate, which, being ſhut, he leaped, and having dragged the poor boy after him, by means of the upper rail breaking, he purſued his courſe along the turnpike-road to Southerham corner, where he ſtopped, and remained quiet, until the unhappy father came up and releaſed his ſon, juſt as he was expiring.

Thurſday, January 25, a black poney, under 48 inches high, and upwards of 26 years old, belonging to Mr. J. Scott, of Brighton, trotted, for a conſiderable wager, four miles on the Cuckfield road, againſt a galloway more than thirteen hands high, and beat him with great apparent eaſe. The old poney trotted the four miles in leſs than ſixteen minutes.

On Friday, Feb. 2, was rung, by the company of ringers, Great Tey, Eſſex, in three hours and thirty-five minutes, 5120 changes, of Oxford treble-bob, by the following perſons:—treble, James Gray, 2 William Dedman, 3 Aaron Lockwood, 4 Edward Bryton, 5 George Taylor, 6 Robert Godfrey, 7 Benjamin Ladhams—tenor, Sam Hale Bob-Caller, at the advanced age of ſixty-ſeven years.

On Sunday, February 4, was rung at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, by the society of College Youths, a true and complete peal of 5,120 of Oxford tripple-bob, eight-in, in three hours and fourteen minutes.

A VIRTUOUS INFORMER.

A few days since, the Rev. Charles Scott, chaplain of Portsmouth dock-yard, was convicted, by the Mayor and Aldermen there, of wearing a hat without a stamp, and paid the mitigated fine of 5l. with all charges. The circumstance that led to this information is somewhat singular.—Some time since, Mr. Scott prosecuted a working man, for carrying a gun through a coppice, near his country-house, at Purbrook; and when he came into the Guildhall, before Sir John Carter, laid down his hat on a chair, when it was discovered to be without a stamp; and the poor man, who paid 5l. in conformity to the game laws, laid the information, and received the penalty.

On Thursday, February 15th, Messrs. Henry Woodman, Edmund Stagg, and George Butler, all respectable farmers, were convicted before one of his Majesty's justices for the county of Wilts, in the penalty of 10l. each, the former gentleman for suffering two cur dogs to follow him across a piece of fallow; and the other two for carrying a gun each without shooting them off, on the information of Thomas Appleford, of Axford, near Marlborough; also a farmer, who was himself convicted at the same time, in the sum of 10l. for wearing a hat without a stamp, which was luckily discovered by one of the party.

One day this month, a young man of the name of Chandler, who has the deputation of an estate his father rents in Dorsetshire, wishing to make up a basket of game for a friend in London, and not finding a hare in his own limits, ventured on a neighbouring estate, where he soon found one, and shot it; which was observed by a second person, who immediately went to a third, and told him, if he would lay the information, he (the second person) would prove the fact, and they would divide the fine; they accordingly proceeded to a magistrate, laid the information, and the young man had notice to appear, which was obeyed, and the fine levied; during their stay with the magistrate, the young man observing that neither of the informants had stamps in their hats, immediately laid an information against them, and the fine was instantly levied and paid.

One day this month, an ewe, the property of Farmer Bisley, of Warborough, near Wallingford, brought forth a lamb, having two perfect bodies, eight legs, two necks, and only one head: it died in the birth, but the ewe is alive and well.

At the request of the Duke of Bedford, the King has, in the handsomest manner, presented his Grace with seven beautiful Spanish sheep.

A whimsical carriage is now exhibited, by a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Barton, in Lincolnshire—it is constructed without springs, and drawn by four asses, in complete harness. The servant, too, when following this vehicle, is always mounted on an ass.

One

One evening in the prefent month, William Gorringe, gamekeeper to Lord Hampden, fhot at Glynde, near Lewes, fifty ftarlings, in two fhots, which is, by gunners, reckoned as fomething extraordinary.

Lord Francis Spencer broke a blood-veffel in his late accident. (See our laft Mag. page 220.) Notwithftanding a fubfequent relapfe, his Lordfhip, under the profeffional fkill of Mr. Grofvenor, of Oxford, is in a fair way of recovery.

On Friday, the 9th of January, died, at Putney, Jean Baptifta Muller, a native of Pruffia. The fingularity of his character may, in fome meafure, be collected from a requeft left behind him, refpecting his interment, as follows:—"I defire to be buried within the walls of the church, and interred in the following drefs, viz.—my buff embroidered waiftcoat, my blue coat with a black collar, a pair of clean nankeen breeches, white filk ftockings, my Pruffian boots; that my hair may be neatly dreffed, and my coffin made long enough to admit of my huffar cap being placed on my head. So dreffed, let me reft in peace."

Lately died, in the 84th year of his age, Mr. Henry Marten, of Ringmer, Suffex, miller. Mr. Marten was remarkably fond of the chafe, and, till within a fhort period of his deceafe, was feen conftantly after the hounds kept in his neighbourhood, and frequently in at the death, though he always hunted on foot. His favourite amufement would fometimes, latterly, lead him fo far, that it became neceffary to fend a horfe or carriage to bring him home. He was throughout his long life efteemed a truly honeft man, and died univerfally regretted.

Cornet Moore, whofe name has recently been brought forward in the Court of King's Bench, (fee laft Mag. page 180) was an attorney's clerk in Dublin. He fome time ago wrote home to his friends, that a Ten Thoufand Pounds Prize had juft fallen to his lot; and his friends were aftonifhed to find he had met with this good fortune at a time when no *lottery* was drawing!

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 29.

On Thurfday night, between nine and ten o'clock, as the fervant of Mr. Haden, furgeon, of Derby, was returning home from Spondon, he was ftopped in Spondon field by two footpads, who robbed him of eleven fhillings and fixpence in filver; in attempting, after they had robbed him of the above, to take his great coat, they terrified the horfe fo as fo impel it to effect its efcape, and before the fervant could recover his feat on the faddle, which had been difturbed by his exertions, he was fired at with a piftol charged with flugs, two of which perforated his hat, and the third the collar of his coat. It is worthy of remark, that thefe villains have trained a dog to affift them in their depredations, and which is defcribed as a brinded bull-dog; this animal, it appears, feized the reins of the bridle, fo as to detain the horfe until the accomplifhment of its mafters' purpofe.

A very extraordinary circumftance happened lately, to a horfe belong-

belonging to Mr. Grey, surgeon, of Exeter. The horse was left at the Two Bridges on Dartmore, where Mr. Grey sent the man on Friday the 9th inst. with another horse, to lead him home to Exeter on Saturday, which he did, and put him in his master's stable at night. On Mr. Grey's going into the stable on the Sunday morning, the horse was lying on the ground; and on examination, was found to have absolutely worn off both his hind feet, above the fetlock joint, and literally may be said to have walked upon his ancle-bones. On questioning the servant, he declared he knew nothing of the circumstance, but said he led the horse the whole way, and never perceived him to faulter in the walk. The horse was immediately killed, and was afterwards examined by a number of persons, who were convinced of the reality of the case, as the fetlock joint remained, although the bone was worn off.

COURT OF DELEGATES.

The relatives of Mrs. Hannah White appealed against a decision of the Courts below, purporting that by her last will she had bequeathed One Thousand Pounds to St. George's Hospital, One Thousand Pounds to the Middlesex Hospital, Twenty-five Pounds a year for the maintenance of *five favourite Cats*, and the residue of her property, amounting to about Forty Thousand Pounds, to Mr. Olley, the apothecary, who attended her in her last illness.—Many arguments were urged on both sides for five days; and on Tuesday, February 7, the Court of Delegates (whose determination is final) decided in favour of the *Hospitals*, the *Cats*, the *Servants*, and the *next of Kin*, against the decree of the Prerogative Court and the claims of the Apothecary, considering the clause in the will in his favour as an interpolation, and condemning him in costs.

A COMPLETE YORKSHIRE BITE.

A few weeks since, an old Yorkshire-man married a young woman (late chambermaid at the Castle Inn, Marlbro'), who after many years servitude had accumulated the sum of Three Hundred Pounds. This fond couple had been married only three weeks, when the *honest* Yorkshire-man, having got possession of the *money*, immediately hired a post chaise and four, and immediately made his escape for Yorkshire, and has not since been heard of,—leaving the blooming bride quite pennyless to lament *her hard fate*.

THE GANDER AND ITS HISTORY.

On the 9th ult. was killed, at Rochdale, a gander, in the 67th year of his age. This venerable fowl was bred at Worsthern, near Burnley, in Lancashire, in the year 1731, by Mr. Fothergill, and kept by him seventeen years. He was then sold to Mr. Turner, of Binns, farmer, who had him in his possession fifteen years, and then sold him to Mr. Scott, of Brearley, near Littleborough; there he was eleven years, and was well known by the name of the *Old Gander*. He was in the hands of several farmers afterwards, and being brought to Rochdale, was purchased by an eminent green-grocer, who gave him the name of *a very fine goose*.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LEAP.

A TALE.

SIR Bumper was a Baron bold,
As e'er romantic writ enroll'd,
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
And oft Olympic victor crown'd;
In a deep-winding woody vale
His castle stood, antique and gray,
Where winter's storm, nor summer's gale
E'er chas'd the hov'ring fogs away.
The dull moat all around,
Lies in eternal sleep,
Its mould'ring oaks are all half drown'd,
Its bending willows ever weep.

See from the gate Sir Bumper stride,
With fair round paunch and ruddy face,
And hark! the horn resounding wide,
Proclaims aloud the jocund chase.
For now the sun has left the main,
And gilds the hoary mountain high;
Where young Squire Ringwood and his train,
With clamour seem to rend the sky.

His lazy grooms Sir Bumper chides,
He mounts—and up the hill he rides.
Just as Squire Ringwood, brisk and gay,
Had given the watch-word—stole away,
'Tis a grim, old, malicious fox,
Heav'n save you, sir, from fatal knocks;
For deafen'd with your whoop and hollow,
My mare denies your course to follow.
She backward casts her rolling eye,
And views Sir Bumper's castle high.

What nymph is that of tempting bloom,
With all her charms profuse display'd?
'Tis Lucy in her dressing-room,
In nature's robes alone array'd.

Miss Lucy is Sir Bumper's daughter,
And lately had 'Squire Ringwood taught her,
To think herself not quite so well,
And wish for what she could not tell.

Shut, shut, dear girl, oh! shut the casement,
And do not kill us with amazement.
To the window see her creep,
Hanging o'er the moat so deep;
There leaning on her arms of snow,
She listless eyes the pool below,
Surrounded by the frogs
That spatter through the muddy bogs.

And now the genial season warm,
Deep flushes every ripen'd charm,
Her bosom heaves with wild desire,
Her eye-balls dance in lambert fire;
A subtle trembling, sweet, yet strong,
Glides rapid every nerve along;
"Ah, what a sultry stifling morn,"
She cry'd, "and heats not to be borne;
"Straight will I seek the secret cave,
"And in the lake my body lave."

Then in a robe of slight attire,
She wraps her lovely bosom bare,
And swift descending, all unseen,
She like an arrow skims the green,
The cowslip and the daisy sweet,
Scarce bending to her feather'd feet.

To the West there grew a grove,
Deep in whose sequester'd glades,
Many a wood-nymph wont to rove,
And shield from blights the favour'd shades;

Close

Close shelter'd in its bosom green,
A broad extended lake is seen;
And there a rock, abrupt and riv'n,
Heaves its tow'ring head to Heav'n;
Scoop'd within its oozy side,
Is a cavern deep and wide,
Deem'd of old the ghastly haunt
Of Elves and water-Goblins gaunt;
But now 'tis reckon'd a proper place,
For maidens sweet and bashful face,
To come and strip off their tatters,
And take the ben'fit of the waters,
Without fear of shepherds or satyrs,
Or any such matters.

To this green cave fair Lucy came,
And on the velvet moss reclin'd;
The robe that wrapt her tempting frame,
She, conscious, blushing, slow resign'd.
Oh, powers of bliss! what charms she shew'd!
Charms which no eloquence can tell;
Her cheeks with Heav'ns own tincture glow'd,
No bursting rose e'er bloom'd so well.

See her raven ringlets flowing,
New contrasted power bestowing
On her white and downy skin;
On her swelling bosom lying,
Round her charming shoulders flying,
As an airy mantle thin.

With one quick glance around the wood,
Another to the rocks high head,
She fearless rushes to the flood,
And hides her in a liquid bed.

Secure she spreads her shining limbs,
Paddles, tumbles, dives, and swims;
Each various posture wanton she employs,
And all the humid luxry enjoys.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A PARODY.

TO shoot, or not to shoot? that is the question!
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The ills of weariness and loss of sport,
Or send three guineas to the town-clerk's house,
And by a licence end them—to pay—to sport—
No more; and by this means to say w' escape
Th' impending danger of that heavy fine
Which th' unlicens'd dread.—'Tis an expence
Most properly endur'd. To pay? to sport?
To sport?—perchance to trespass—there's the rub;
For from these trespasses what ills may come,
When we have cross'd, unconscious of the fault,
The outskirt manor of some vengeful lord,
Must give us pause. There's the reason
That makes the loss of sporting borne so well;
For who would else sit lazily at home,
Neglect the source of health, forego the charms
Of opening day, the dog's sagacity,
The covey's rising, and the singled bird,
Whose fall, heart cheering, gives the shooter fame;
When he himself might those enjoyments have,
By a bare licence. Who would patient bear
The deprivation of these manly joys,
But that the dread of quibbles of the law
(That source diffusive, from whose curs'd abuse,
The direst evils flow), lessens the pain,
And make us rather shun the haunts of game,
Than trust to law-suits that may never end.
Thus trespasses do make suff'rers of us all;
And thus the freedom of this happy isle
Is question'd still amidst these partial laws;
And blessings, which no other nation boast,
With this alloy—are pass'd unheeded by,
And lose their power to charm.——

HAMLET.

ANOTHER.

I HAD been happy, if the premier's schemes
Had rais'd the stamp on gloves, nay, doubly tax'd
All the unmeaning fripperies of dress,
So he had pass'd the game, nor, merciless,
The sportsman's joys by licences curtail'd.
Farewell, September's sports! delightful scenes!
The frequent *drawing*, and the *point* at last,
That proves the covey near—O now farewell!
Farewell the prickly furze, the fern-cloth'd heath,
The sure-finding turnips, the mid-day spring,
The oak-grown wood, the thick entangling brake,
The new-reaped fields, in whose deep stubbles gay
At eve and morn the flatt'ring game repast.

Farewell each different implement of ſport,
The gun ſtrong-barrel'd, the high-poliſh'd locks,
The whale-bone ramrod, the clear-mounted ſight,
The flaſk, belt, flints, wadding, net, gaters, ſcrew;
And, ye, my pointers, who with anxious eyes
Follow'd my ſteps, to watch the joyful ſign,
That freedom gave, and bade your eager limbs
Swift, but yet true, the quarter'd furrows range;
Whoſe ſcent inſtinctive, and by uſe improv'd,
Would lead you certain to the tainted haunts,
Where, ſtopping full, you ſhew'd the ſame was found:
Oh! ye who, grateful, thus my cares repaid,
Farewell! your maſter's recreation's gone.

OTHELLO.

THE BAIT OF THE GILT-TAIL.

FROM GAY'S RURAL SPORTS.

YOU muſt not ev'ry worm promiſcuous uſe,
Judgment will tell the proper baits to chooſe;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate ſize
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies;
And if too ſmall, the naked fraud's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains;
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the ſully'd reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.

ON SHOOTING A MOOR FOWL OFF HER NEST THROUGH MISTAKE.

By E. S. J. *Author of William and Ellen.*

THY droopit wing anes cheerfull flew,
Naw cauld and wat wi nightly dew,
Poor murder'd thing;
As fate drew near the wind did ſugh,
And dreary ſing.
Than thought ſome lavrock cam to reſt,
That night aſide thy peaceful neſt,
In ſafety ſweet.
Or that it was the wind that paſt,
On ſightleſs feet;
But, O! it was nae lavrock ſweet,
That trod by thee wi tender feet,
The dewy grun;
But, O! it was relentleſs fate,
The mortal gun.
Thy eggs are cauld, and wat, and dead,
And by them lies thy peacefull head,
In Death's faſt ſleep.
I ſaw thee limping to thy bed;
To mourn and weep.
Than kept thy neſt frae wind and rain;
But a' thy cares and hopes were vain,
Which thou poſſeſt;
Baith neſt and eggs are dead and gane;
To endleſs reſt.
When thou didſt live, poor murder'd thing,
Ilk dewy morn, in whirring wing,
Exulting ſprang;
Than gav'd the moors and moſſes ring,
Wi thy glad ſang.
Thy mate ſits by thee yet alane,
He little thinks that thou art gane,
To life's laſt goal;
For ſtill he makes his woefull mane;
To cheer thy ſoul.
The muril and herd was oft thy fear,
As he thy haunts did wander near,
At even dark;
Nae mair the foxes yelp thault hear,
Or Colly bark.
The little humble daiſy ſmild'd,
Wi cheerful face, ſae meek and mild,
Now drops a tear;
The hether buſh waves wae and wild,
Forlorn and drear.
Ah me! may hap, in yonder vale,
Some orphan lives to weep and wail,
From hope out caſt;
And ſhiv'ring tells his woefull tale,
Unto the blaſt.
E'en like to thine the orphan's lot,
His name and place ſhall be forgot,
In ſilent gloom;
The dreary winds ſhall hold their rout,
Out o'er his tomb.
Here reſt in peace, receive a tear,
The nightly heron's cry I hear,
The dark comes faſt,
The ſpark in yonder cot looks drear,
Adieu! and reſt.

TO THE WOODCOCK.

FAR from the gilded haunts of pride,
Mid' lowly glens, o'er mountains ſide,
Why wand'reſt thou forlorn?

Can

Can Sorrow's faded form be thine?
Canst thou have sorrows great as mine?
Or sighs for pleasures gone?

Still happy, birds in woods at least,
Thou can'st enjoy pale Sorrow's feast,
Unquestion'd and alone:
But no!—I view the fowler's aim
Already mark thee for his game,
And catch thy parting groan.

Still, happy bird! that peaceful hour
I wish was in thy poet's power
That ends a life of woe!
Condemn'd mid' many a busy scene
To deck pale Grief in mirthful mien,
While tears resistless flow!

CAMBRIDGE. M. H.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A ROOKERY.

YE sable tenants of the elmey grove,
As round the task of instinct ye pursue,
And borne on buoyant wing the ether rove,
Seeking your daily food, I gaze and view
Your state with envy! you have never known
The ills of mortal life; to you is giv'n
The range of ample earth and boundless heav'n,
And all that Nature needs she made your own.
But I, condemn'd in life's tumultuous maze,
To join the jarring and tumultuous throng,
And driv'n by Fortune's wayward winds along,
Tho' distant far I see the lucid rays,
With many a bright hue gild the onward plain,
See but the joys I never must attain.

EPIGRAMS.

TIPPLING TOM THE TAPSTER.

TO ease his heart of sorrow's load,
And *lighten* all his cares;
Poor Tom took off the Tipler's road,
Adown the cellar stairs.

Where from the butt's exhil'rant store,
His gloomy brow got brighten'd;
And e're nine months were past and o'er,
Both of their load were *lighten'd.*

When lo! all on a summer's day,
Just after thundery weather,
Tom and his master took their way
T' examine stock together.

For mild and stale, the landlord fear'd,
Had had the wayward luck,
Amid the clatt'ring peals he'd heard,
To get all thunderstruck!

So Tom was sent in inner vault,
Where stood two fav'rite taps;
Which fleece well hop'd was free from fault,
And sav'd from all mishaps.

And while he broach'd each outer butt,
All fearful, sad, and sober;
Lest clouds, in late combustion put,
Had spoil'd his dear October;

Sly Tom rush'd out, with looks aghast,
And, to the landlord's cost,
Rapp'd out an oath, "'Twixt peal and blast,
"Your fav'rite store is lost.

"For one," says Tom, "Event most dread,
"Most awful, and most fright'ning;
"One cask is struck, with thunder, dead,
"And one dry'd up with light'ning."

BRUSH.

THE DISTINCTION.

AT public school, by chance, there were two lads,
Of the same name, but boasting different dads,
One's father kept a tavern, fam'd for cheer,
The other's was 'ycleped an auctioneer.
Mistakes to end, their school-fellows so knowing,
Call'd the one (quaintly) *coming*, t'other *going*.

FROM DR. CARLYLE'S "SPECIMENS OF ARABIAN POETRY.

COME, Leila, fill the goblet up,
Reach round the rosy wine:
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek;
No grape can such supply;
It steals its *tint* from Leila's *cheek*,
Its *brightness* from her eye.